MISCELLANEOUS

P O E M S;

MORAL, RELIGIOUS, AND SENTIMENTAL.

BY JOHN HARVEY.

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TO THE READER.

As some of my works are about to be published, I thought, without designing to write a preface, that it might be best to say a few words, by way of apology, for the similarity of matter apparent in many of the pieces. Some of them were written under the pressure of affliction, in my own family, and some at the request of different individuals, on the death of relatives dear to them; the subjects being similar, of course no great diversity of matter could be expected in them, and yet it has been thought best to publish most of the pieces of this description, for the satisfaction of those by whose request they were written, since many of them have become subscribers for the work.

In making a selection of my works for the press, I have been governed, to some extent, by the previous demand for manuscript copies of different poems, and an observation of individual preferences; but chiefly by a desire to present as great a variety of matter, in as many different forms of composition as practicable, taking my works as they are.

It was not my expectation, until within a very short period, that my works, or at least that many of them, would ever be published. I do not claim the title of

"poet," and if it had been in my power, it never has been my wish, to please the taste for light and novel reading that prevails to such a great extent at the present day. Without a feeling of animosity toward any individual, I am not ashamed to confess myself a believer in the doctrines of the christian faith, as recorded in the new testament, and held, with some small differences, by all the professors of religion whose hope of salvation is in the mercy of God, through a Redeemer.

And if none of my readers should be pleased with the whole of the work, I hope each one may at least find something in it with which he is satisfied. I expect to derive no pecuniary advantage from it, but if it could in any degree aid the cause of morality and virtue, among the youth of the present age, I should consider my labors, humble as they have been, not altogether in vain.

JOHN HARVEY.

Near Harveysburg, Ohio, 8th month, 1848.

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POEMS.

A SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE,

AND AN APOLOGY FOR THE STYLE AND CHARACTER OF HIS WORKS.

I CAME into being, as the record shows,
When the eighteenth century was just at its close;
From North Carolina, the land of my birth,
I came, with my parents, to this part of the earth,
(Ohio, renown'd as a free and rich state)
In the spring of one thousand eight hundred and eight.
This country was chiefly a wilderness then,
And in many places the abode of red men,
From the graves of their fathers now driven far west,
By men of pale faces, who loved themselves best.
On the banks of Todd's Fork, about twenty-three years,
My days pass'd in pleasure unmingled with tears;
A loving companion, ten years of the time,
Was still the chief blessing of my early prime,
My dearest relations were all yet alive,
And most of them able to work and to thrive;

When half a dozen miles to the westward I went,
And settled where the rest of my life has been spent,
Where sorrow and care have attended my lot,
While scenes of past pleasure could not be forgot.
My faithful companion was the first one that died,
Of all to whom I was most tenderly tied;
But all of my losses and causes of care
Have, in my poor scribbling, been stated elsewhere.
And, oh! may I never repine at the rod—
I still have been follow'd by the mercies of God!
And while, by his blessing, upon a rich soil,
I still have been reaping the fruits of my toil,
A second companion has help'd me along,
And lighten'd the burden of many a song.

I now must return to the scenes of Todd's Fork,
Or my little narrative will be a lame work:
My learning was such as the schools first bestow'd
In smoky log cabins, by the side of some road,
Or hid in the forest, from the traveler's sight,
With greased paper windows to let in the light;
When thro' the thick bushes and grape-viny bowers
As lightly we sported as bees among flowers,
And twenty-six winters have over me pass'd
Since I, as a student, was in a school last.
Though in my first studies some dullness I show'd,
Ambition soon lent me the aid of her goad;
I learn'd to parse grammar, and how to survey,
And was thought quite a scholar for that early day.

The people told my father that I "would be spoil'd,
"That so much high larnin' would ruin a child."
He told them, I "work'd well as ever on the farm,
And hoped that my learning would do me no harm."
I next became "teacher," and for two winter terms
Of science to pupils gave some of the germs.
But to such a business I could not be bound,
And loved nothing better than clearing good ground,
And making the same with new fences to shine,
And wish'd for a dwelling that I could call mine.
I married in the year I became twenty-one,
And in a dense forest my farm was begun,
And though at hard work I have often been strain'd,
I still in the country on a farm have remain'd.
With eight children living (eleven in all),
My task, to support them has never been small.
The most of the clearing ever done on my lands,
And building of fences was by my own hands.
Sometimes in the winter I work'd in a shop,
And still thro' the summer I toil'd in the crop —
Oft writing of evenings, or on a foul day,
To pass hours of sorrow and trouble away;
Or with the requests of such friends to comply
As look'd on my works with a favorable eye,
But not with a hope of attaining that fame
Which has to some given an immortal name.
Such scenery has never excited my dreams
As furnish'd the bards of old Scotland with themes,

Or such as, in England, the poets inspired,
Whose genius and writings will long be admired.
I pass'd over mountains to come to this land,
But no inspiration did then understand;
The hills and the valleys, I left far behind,
Imprinted no image on my thoughtless young mind.
No mountains or caverns are near to my home,
Nor cataracts dashing their waters in foam;
No dark and deep ocean is rolling so near,
That the sound of its roaring I ever could hear, —
Though some inspiration from the heavens was drawn,
And some from the beauties display'd on the lawn,
My genius for musing has chiefly been fed
From scenes of affliction and themes of the dead.
No dramatic fiction my poems contain,
Where flights of vain fancy bewilder the brain,
But sober relations of passing events,
As good as I could make them with my stock of sense,
Which is not abundant, I freely confess,
Compared with the portion some others possess;
And since several neighbors have given a hint
That they wish'd to see them yet publish'd in print,
I will make a brief statement of views which I take,
And wait the decision the public shall make.

The great moral questions which now agitate
The world to its center, in church and in state,
Have claim'd some attention from my humble pen,
With deference to the feelings of all honest men,

Who, though they may differ, all go for just laws,
And wish the advancement of every good cause.
Unfearful of censure, of harm, or disgrace,
I go for the freedom of the African race,
Against all oppression, for justice and right,
Since all men are equal in God's holy sight.
A friend of religion, and all of its claims,
Yet not a sectarian, or partial to names.
In what I have written on things of this kind,
My feelings have been to no party confined;
My doctrines are such as all christians may claim,
With Christ for their author, for ever the same.
Excluding the whims, and the new-fangled rules,
Of Miller and Smith, and their proselyte fools;
Nor yet of that notion containing the leaven —
"That man is by nature a subject of heaven,
That good moral training is all he requires
To bring the perfection to which he aspires;"
With human exertions supplying the place
Of Christ, the atonement, and Heavenly grace:
Nor yet that the Scriptures should be thrown away
For speaking of "servants" and "wars" in that day.
Such notions are evil, and only obtain
A place of existence in a sceptical brain.
To pious professors, of all christian sects,
And all sober people, I give my respects,
And dedicate the labors of my humble muse,
And wish for all sceptics a change of their views,

And for every sinner that dwells on the sod,
Repentance and peace, through the mercy of God.

Near Harveysburg, Warren county, Ohio,
Second mo., 1845.

MANASSEH, KING OF JUDAH,

AN EMINENT INSTANCE OF THE MERCY OF GOD TO A PENITENT SINNER.

Of all the instances of heav'nly grace,
Which were to sinners shown in ancient days,
None can our admiration more excite
Than one on which I now presume to write—
O may celestial grace inspire my heart
And life and spirit to my song impart!

When Hezekiah, Judah's king, was dead,
His son, Manasseh, reignéd in his stead,—
Twelve years of age, when he began to reign,
His reign proved wicked, as his heart was vain.
His righteous father, by a strict command,
Had banish'd heathen idols from the land,
And to their pristine order had restored
The Jewish rites, and worship of the Lord,—
Which left Manasseh nothing more to do
Than Hezekiah's virtues to pursue,

To love his subjects, and their hearts to gain,
And make them happy by a peaceful reign.
But giving to his passions boundless sway,
He grew more wicked each succeeding day;
It seem'd as though he set his heart to find
What things would most displease th' Almighty Mind,
And what transgression of his righteous law
The greatest curse would on his people draw.
The abominations which the heathen wrought
Were by Manasseh into practice brought;
He dedicated gods of gold and brass,
And caused his children through the fire to pass,—
A thing which th' Amorites of old practiced,
When victims were to Moloch sacrificed.
The fire where wicked men, among the Jews,
Upon their children did this custom use,
Was near Jerusalem, where, 't is presumed,
The rubbish of the city was consumed,
Where filth was burnt, and num'rous victims fell,
And thence was taken for a type of Hell.
A graven image in God's house he placed,
And to the heathen idols altars raised;
He used enchantments, and pretended arts
Wherein a wizzard could display his parts;
To wickedness the people he enticed,
And they to his dumb idol sacrificed;
No law but his own will was understood,
And his delight was cruelty and blood.

From him the innocent no safety knew,
The best of men, more than the worst, he slew;
Jerusalem from end to end was fill'd
With blood, which by his orders had been spill'd;
A city, where prosperity had smiled
With crime polluted and with blood defiled,—
And e'en the sacred house of God profaned
More than by any former king that reign'd,
Provoked the wrath of God, and vengeance drew
Upon Manasseh, and his people too.
Though seers and prophets from the Lord were sent,
Who by their counsels warn'd him to repent,
And prophesied that God would ruin bring
Upon the people, and their wicked king;
That Judah's enemies should be employ'd,
And by their power Jerusalem destroy'd,—
As wicked Ahab's house before had been,
So should the Jews be punish'd for their sin:
That through the nations where the news would go
Their ears should tingle with the notes of woe.
Yet for all this he only sinn'd the more
And grew more wicked than he was before,
'Till God's displeasure did upon him bring
The war-like captains of Assyrian king,
By whom Manasseh was a pris'ner made,
And off to Babylon in chains convey'd;
Where all that had before his hands employ'd,
The sinful pleasures which his heart enjoy'd,

And all whereon his foolish fancy ranged,
For bondage and affliction were exchanged;
Until the judgments of Almighty God,
And the chastisements of his righteous rod,
Had humbled him, and brought him to believe
'T was just he should such punishment receive.
With humble heart he then the God besought,
Against whose will he had such evil wrought;
In deep affliction, though not in despair,
He thus to Heav'n preferr'd a solemn prayer:
To keep true pathos with his words along,
Will far transcend my feeble skill in song,
The genins of a Milton 't would require
To sing his prayer with life and mental fire;
O may the Muses lend the aid I ask,
While I attempt a hard and doubtful task.

PRAYER.

"Almighty God, by whom the heav'ns were made,
The skies adorn'd, and earth's foundations laid,
Who to the raging seas their bounds decreed,—
The God of Abram and his righteous seed,
Whom they adored and honor'd in their day,
And through all time the powers of heav'n obey;
Whom all men fear, and feel abased before
The power which angels round thy throne adore;
The glory and the majesty divine,
Which in the highest heavenly places shine,

And through the universe unbounded flow,
Cannot be borne by beings here below;
And when thy wrath is to a sinner known,
The proudest monarch trembles on his throne.
And yet the gracious promise thou hast made,
Wherein thy goodness is to men display'd,
Is without measure, and doth far extend
Beyond all human powers to comprehend.
For thou, O Lord, art of compassion high—
Of long forbearance and a pitying eye,
And still it grieves thy holy spirit when
Thou seest evil in the sons of men.
And thou, in thy great goodness, dost propose
Repentance and forgiveness unto those
Who have against thee sinn'd, and disobey'd
The law and covenant which thou hast made,
And hast appointed in thy boundless grace,
That sinners to repent may find a place,
And through repentance, and thy pardon craved,
Be from their sins with thy salvation saved:
Therefore, O Lord, the God of all the just,
In whom our fathers still reposed their trust,
As Abraham and Isaac had no need,
Thou no repentance hast to such decreed,
But, in thy saving grace and mercy free,
Thou hast appointed such a thing to me,
Who am a sinner, and in evil ways
Have spent my time, and brought unhappy days.

For sins, O Lord, are multiplied by me
In number, like the sands along the sea,
And I am now unworthy to behold
The hight of heaven, where stars their light unfold.
My sins which are so many and so great,
Press on my spirit with a pond'rous weight;
Bow'd down with iron bands, without release,
My servile body can enjoy no ease,—
For I thine anger have provoked, O Lord,
Thy will transgress'd, and have not kept thy word
Abominations were set up by me,
Which drew the people from the fear of thee;
But now, to thee, O Lord, I bow my heart,
Intending from these evils to depart,
And on my bended knees thy grace implore—
My sins are great, but I will sin no more.
Forgive me, then, O Lord, and not destroy
Me with the works which did my hands employ,
Nor in thy wrath condemn my soul to go
To the dark regions of the world below;
For thou art God, and in thy mercy free,
The friend of sinners who return to thee;
And thou in me wilt all thy goodness show,
For thou wilt save me from eternal woe,
Who am unworthy, and in no degree
Deserve the mercy thou hast shown to me.
Therefore, through life, and all succeeding days,
For all thy mercies, I will sing thy praise;

For all the powers of heaven thy name adore,
Which is thy due, now, and for ever more.
Amen!"

So pray'd Manasseh, and the God on high,
Who looks on sinners with a pitying eye,
Was pleased, in mercy, to accept his prayer,
And make him yet an object of his care,
And, through the boundless goodness of the Lord,
He to his kingdom was again restored,
And to Jerusalem, his native place,
The residence of all the royal race.
To live a better life he now began,
And for the future seem'd another man.
The image and the altars which he made
Where to the heathen idols rites were paid,
In which his time had been so much employ'd.
Were by his hands and orders all destroy'd;
To show for true religion his regard,
The altar of the Lord was then repair'd;
With true devotion, on the altar laid
Peace and thank off'rings by the king were made;
And to the Jews a strict command he gave
To serve the God which could a sinner save —
The God which to their fathers had been known,
And to himself had such great mercy shown.
How old he was when first a pris'ner made,
Or in captivity how long he stay'd,

We have not been inform'd upon the page
Which gives us an account of this king's age;
The space while he in Babylon remain'd
Cannot be reckon'd in the time he reign'd;*
His life at home, as from the account appears,
Amounts, in all, to sixty-seven years:
Twelve years of age when he began to reign,
For fifty-five he did the throne retain,
And died, through special favor from above,
A monument of God's redeeming love;
What great encouragement it then doth give
For sinners to return, repent, and live.

First mo., 1834.

BALAK AND BALAAM.

From Numbers, chapters xxii, xxiii, xxiv, and xxxi; Jude, verse 11; and Rev., chapter ii, verse 14.

Arise, my Muse! and sing in simple lays
Upon a sacred theme of ancient days,
When Israel, guided by Jehovah's hand,
Came near the borders of the promised land;

---

* In the fifty-five years which it is said he reigned in Jerusalem; Chron., chap. xxxiii, verse 1.

And Balak, king of Moab, in his fear,
From the east country, call'd "the son of Beor"—
Balaam, by name, a sacred seer confess'd—
To curse a people whom the Lord had bless'd.
And may that light divine inspire my pen,
Which, "in old time," illumed the "holy men,"
That naught of mine, in this degen'rate age,
May mar the beauty of the sacred page.

At foot of Pisgah, Israel's forces lay,
From whence king Balak could their tents survey,
Along the shore of Jordan, spreading far,
Himself unequal to their strength in war;
He, just before, had heard of Og's defeat,
And that king Sihon was by Israel beat,
And fear'd for his own kingdom and his life,
Should he with Israel enter into strife,
And wish'd that such a curse might on them fall
As to destruction would devote them all;
And special messengers to Balaam sent,
Inform'd the prophet of the king's intent—
That he should come and curse a mighty host
Which then, near Jordan, spread upon the coast.

But Balaam gave them soon to understand
He could not go beyond the Lord's command;
And when he sought the will of God to know,
The sacred answer was—"Thou shalt not go,
For I have bless'd the people; and thy curse
Is impotent my blessing to reverse."

So Balaam to the men return'd the word
Which in a vision from the Lord he heard,
And bade them to inform their master why
He could not come, his wish to gratify.
The messengers, dismiss'd, return and bring
The prophet's answer to the troubled king.
Though disappointed in what he design'd,
He still maintain'd the purpose of his mind,
And though his object was destined to fail,
He hoped a second trial might prevail,
And men of higher honor than the first,
Or in the arts of flattery better versed,
Were sent, with a command, to urge the thing
Which had been once requested by the king;
And with authority, in Balak's name,
To promise Balaam honor, wealth, and fame,
If, at their master's pleasure, he would go
And curse the Israelites, near Jericho —
That Balak, peradventure, might prevail
Against a host which caused his heart to fail.
But Balaam, who the will of God had learn'd,
This answer to the messengers return'd:
"If Balak pleased to fill my house with gold,
And all the silver which his coffers hold,
Beyond the word of God I cannot speak,
To please the king, or an advantage seek;
But tarry here until another day
That I may hear what more the Lord will say."

Though Balaam knew the word of God was plain,
That any mortal curse would be in vain,
It still appears he look'd to the reward
Which Balak promised, more than to the Lord;
And God, perceiving Balaam's heart perverse
And that he wish'd the Israelites to curse,
Left him to prove the folly of the thing
To which he had been prompted by the king,
And said to him that night — "Arise, and go,
But only speak what I shall let thee know."

So Balaam rose before the morning sun
And with the men his journey had begun.
For him to go, permission had been given,
Yet his intent was an offense to heaven —
And a bright angel, from a higher sphere,
Was sent to check him in his wild career.
As Balaam travel'd, riding on an ass,
Among the fields he found a narrow pass,
A wall of stone upon each side was seen
Which he and Balak's men must pass between;
And there, obedient to Jehovah's word,
The angel stood, with an uplifted sword,
To vindicate the pow'r that rules on high
And warn the prophet of his danger nigh.
Though Balaam, as a seer, profess'd to know
Of things in heaven, as well as things below,
Yet, in this instance, it must be confess'd,
The vision of his beast was much the best.

The ass saw something, in that narrow place,
Of more than mortal form and earthly grace,
And in a fright, regardless of her load,
Ran off, abruptly, from the beaten road,
When Balaam smote her with a heavy cane,
And turned her back into the narrow lane.
But still the angel, seen by her alone,
Stood in the way, between the walls of stone:
She turn'd again, and with such violence rush'd
That Balaam's foot against the wall was crush'd,
And the poor beast, unconscious of a crime,
Was by her master struck the second time.
She then sank down, and would no further go,
And he, in wrath, gave her another blow.
And here the Lord was pleased to interfere,
That the dumb ass might teach the blinded seer:
Her mouth was open'd, and with voice of man
She to her angry master thus began—
"What have I done, that thou hast smitten me
Until thy cruel blows have number'd three?"
He answer'd, "Thou hast disobey'd my word,
And I would kill thee if I had a sword."
"But am not I the ass which thou hast rode
Since I was thine? still patient of my load,
Have I been wont thy will to disobey
Until this time?" And Balaam answer'd "Nay."
And now the light upon his vision pour'd,
Reveal'd the angel with his shining sword:

And at the sight with reverence profound,
He bowed himself and fell upon the ground.
The personage divine then silence broke,
And in reproving strains to Balaam spoke: —
"Wherefore didst thou, in anger, smite the ass,
When she beheld me, and refused to pass?
I went out to oppose thee, with my sword,
Because thy way was wrong before the Lord,
And had the ass not turn'd, and thus behaved,
I should have slain thee and her life have saved."
And Balaam answer'd "I have sinn'd this day,
Nor did I know that thou wast in the way;
And if thou art displeased, I will return,
And Balak's offer of promotion spurn."
The angel said, "Go with the men, but see
Thou speak the word that I shall give to thee."
So Balaam with the messengers went on
To try what could in Balak's case be done.
The king had grown impatient of delay,
And when he heard the seer was on the way
He went in haste and met him on the road,
Where, along Moab's border, Arnon flow'd,
Which, from the eastern mountains, pour'd its flood
Into the sea, where once Zeboim stood;
The land of Moab, stretching toward the south,
Reach'd from the mountain to the river's mouth;
And from the river, on its northern side,
Along the sea and Jordan's rolling tide,

Up to the border of the Amorites,
And toward the east, included Pisgah's hights;
But Sihon took from Moab all her land
Which lay on Arnon's north and western strand,
Which the victorious Israelites now held,
Since Og and Sihon by their arms were quell'd.

But to return, on Moab's north frontier,
"The son of Zippor" met "the son of Beor;"
The king, no doubt, was pleased to see the man,
But, to upbraid him, on this wise began —

"Wherefore didst thou refuse to come to me
When I so earnestly entreated thee;
Am I not able, in my kingly power,
Rewards and honors on the head to shower?"

And Balaam answer'd, "I have come, but can
Do nothing for thee in the will of man;
The word which from the mouth of God I hear
I must declare, nor consequences fear."

And Balak then brought Balaam on his way
To Kirjathhuzath, near where Israel lay,
And for his entertainment made a feast,
As was the custom of the kings of the east,
And sheep and oxen slain for sacrifice,
Yet made to Heaven no grateful incense rise,—
His off'rings and his hopes were all in vain,
For Heaven's decree must still the same remain,
Concerning those whom Balak wish'd to curse,
And doom to death, or from the land disperse,

The night was spent in feasting and repose
Until Aurora o'er the monntains rose,
And in the morning Balak took the seer
Up into the high places of Baalpeor,
That Balaam might from thence a view obtain
Of all the host encamp'd upon the plain.
But, Jacob, in thy tents, thou needst not fear,
The arm of thy protector still is near —
Though thou hast often felt the chast'ning rod;
Thy strength, O Israel, still is in thy God.

And now the preparation was begun,
For doing much, where nothing could be done;—
The curse must be preceded by a train
Of works and ceremonies, all in vain,
When seven altars by the king were made,
A bullock and a ram on each were laid,
And all were left in Balak's care to burn,
While Balaam went the will of God to learn.
The Lord met Balaam, and his tongue inspired
To teach the language which the truth required;
And when to the burnt off'ring back he came,
The king stood by to watch the rising flame;
And soon appear'd a disappointed man,
While Balaam's language thus, in substance, ran:

"Balak, the king of Moab, brought me here
From Aram, from my home and country dear,
Saying, come, curse me Jacob, and defy

The host of Israel, which have come too nigh.
How shall I curse whom God hath never cursed?
(His will and pleasure cannot be reversed)
Or how defy whom God hath not defied?
For he is strong — the Lord is on his side.
From the tall cliffs I see him, and behold
Him from the hills, whose tops were form'd of old;
And he in safety still shall dwell alone,
Nor be as one among the nations known.
The dust of Jacob, who can count or tell,
Or number the fourth part of Israel?
O, let me die the death the righteous die,
And my last end, like his, be peace on high!"

And Balak said "What hast thou done to me?
To curse mine enemies I sent for thee,
But thou hast bless'd them; and they still may stand
Upon my borders and possess the land."

And Balaam answer'd, "Must I not take heed
To speak the words which from the Lord proceed?"

To stop at this the king was not content,
But wish'd to try a new experiment.
And passing to the field of Zophim, near,
He to the top of Pisgah took the seer,
With a vain hope that from a higher place,
To curse the people, Balaam might find grace,
Yet none could be vouchsafed to aid the thing
Whereby the prophet wish'd to please the king.
And Balak soon must to his home retire,

Nor gain the lost possessions of his sire.
And Moses, Israel's favor'd leader, stand
On the same hill, to view the promised land.
New altars here were built, and victim's slain,
In numbers equal to the first, in vain.
And Balaam went as he had done before,
The counsel of Jehovah, to explore;
And with instructions to the king return'd,
And thus he spake, while Balak's off'ring burn'd:
"Rise up, oh Balak! harken to my speech,
And hear, thou son of Zippor, what I teach.
The Lord is not a man that he should lie;
Nor like the sons of men beneath the sky,
That he should change the purpose of his will,
Or fail his own good pleasure to fulfill.
His purpose toward the people is the same
Which he declared when they from Egypt came.
And I to bless them have received command,
And 't is in vain his pleasure to withstand:
His eye, for good, hath still on Jacob been,
Nor yet perverseness hath in Israel seen.
The presence of the Lord with them abounds,
And the shout of a king among them sounds.
God out of Egypt hath his people brought,
And wond'rous things for their deliverance wrought.
His strength excels that of a unicorn,
And shall be known to nations yet unborn.
Enchantments against Jacob still must fail,

And divination never can prevail,
To change the destiny of Israel,
But his free people in this land shall dwell,
And while his enemies shall come to naught,
It shall be said of him, What hath God wrought?"
The king, displeased to witness the reverse
Of what he hoped from the intended curse,
Requested Balaam his discourse to close,
And neither bless nor try to curse his foes.
But Balaam answer'd in his usual way:
"The word that God shall speak I must obey."
The king then wish'd to try another place,
With a vain hope to change an adverse case;
And taking Balaam to the top of Peor,
The highest pead of a small mountain near,
Which lay from Jordan toward the rising sun,
But faced the west, and look'd toward Jeshimon;
He went to work, built seven altars more,
And offer'd rams and bullocks as before.
His victims now have number'd forty-two,
And show how vain is all that man can do,
Unless the blessing of the Lord attend,
And sanctify the off'ring to the end.

Though Balaam had encouraged the vain thing
Which still had baffled the deluded king,
So far as building altars to advise,
And killing beasts to burn for sacrifice.

He now resolved to give such efforts o'er,
And for enchantments went to seek no more.
And having seen it pleased the Lord to bless,
He turn'd his vision toward the wilderness,
And seeing Israel at their tents at rest,
The spirit of the Lord his mind possess'd,
And him inspired yet further to foretell
The strength and happiness of Israel.
To give the substance of his words and views,
Shall be the highest effort of my muse.

"Balaam, the son of Beor, the man whose eye
Is open to the light that shines on high;
Who heard the words of God, and learn'd his law,
And a bright vision of th' Almighty saw,
While in a trance; but with his eyes unseal'd
Hath spoken of the things to him reveal'd,
And must yet further speak in Israel's praise,
Of present things, and things of future days.
How goodly are thy tents, oh Jacob! seen
From the high mountains, o'er the valleys green;
Thy tabernacles too, oh Israel!
Wherein thy happy people safely dwell,
Spread forth as gardens by the river's side,
Or the lignaloes in their flow'ry pride,
Which have been planted by the Lord's own hand,
Or as the cedars by the waters stand.
And he shall water from his buckets pour,
And land and sea for him shall yield their store;

And his descendants shall by thousands fill
The fruitful earth which they possess and till;
And higher than Agog his king shall be,
And his dominion reach from sea to sea;
And he shall still increase in wealth and power,
And all the nations of the earth devour.
And blessed is the man that blesseth thee,
And he that curseth shall accursed be."
While thus the prophet brought these things to view
The jealous king into a passion flew;
He smote his hands together, and express'd,
In words like these, the emotions of his breast:
"I call'd thee here mine enemies to curse,
And these three times thou hast but made it worse."
The seer replied, "Thy messengers were told
That if the king should fill my house with gold,
For good or bad, I could not speak a word
Beyond the will and counsel of the Lord;
And now, behold, I to my people go,
But will inform thee first of what I know,
And tell thee, from a revelation true,
Of what this people yet to thine shall do."
He then took up his parable and spake
The words that Heaven inspired for Israel's sake.
"The man hath said, who saw with a clear eye,
Who knew the knowledge of the Lord most high,
And of th' Almighty saw a vision bright,
While in a trance, but still possessing sight;

And I shall see him, but not now, and I
Hereafter shall behold him, but not nigh;
For out of Jacob there shall come a star,
Whose brilliant shining shall be seen afar,
And out of Israel shall a scepter spring,
The glorious scepter of a mighty king,
Which shall the people of Moab annoy,
And the posterity of Sheth destroy.
And into his possession Sier shall fall,
And Israel still do valiantly through all.
For out of Jacob he shall come whose sway
The nations of the earth must all obey;
And he that of the city may remain
Shall be destroy'd, and help shall be in vain."

And when he look'd on Amalek he saw
The future working of Jehovah's law,
Which overturns the strongest works of man;
And thus of Amalek his language ran:

"First of the nations thou in war hast been,
And in prosperity much pleasure seen;
But there shall be an end of all thy mirth,
And thou forever perish from the earth."

He then look'd on the Kennites, and foresaw
That they from Israel their chief strength should draw;
The Kennites were relations of Jethro,
Who with the Israelites prefer'd to go,
And for whose safety Moses still had cared
While they with him his toils and fortunes shar'd;

And in allusion to the choice they made,
The seer took up his parable and said:
"Strong is thy dwelling, and thy place of rest,
For thou within a rock hast put thy nest,
And yet thou shalt be wasted 'till the day
When the Assyrians carry thee away
Captive, into a distant land; and who
Can hope to live, when God this thing shall do?
But ships shall from the coast of Chittim sail,
And against Ashur's troops, in war, prevail,
And Eber, bring into affliction sore,
And he shall perish and be known no more."
The prophet then departed to his place,
And left the king in trouble and disgrace.
The scripture narrative is now gone through,
And to king Balak I will bid adieu.
But Balaam may some further notice claim:
His prophecies from inspiration came,
And must for ever on the record stand,
Which bears th' impress of the Almighty's hand.
The star and sceptre he alluded to,
Beyond the temporal blessings brought to view,
Prefigure clearly, on the scheme devised,
The coming, light, and power of Jesus Christ,
Appropriately mention'd in this place;
Since, in the flesh, he came of Jacob's race,
Though not alone for Israel's good design'd,
But for a general blessing to mankind.

Had Balaam profited by what he learn'd,
A blessing might have been to him return'd;
But though so highly favor'd in this case,
It seems his conduct, afterward, was base,
In that he counsel'd Balak how to lay
A snare which led the Israelites astray:
To practice things forbidden by their law,
And thus the wrath of heaven upon them draw.
He saw the king could not prevail by force,
And counsel'd him to try a friendly course.
The people mingled with the Moabites,
And learn'd to join them in the heathen rites,
Which on them drew the judgments of the Lord,
And Balaam's end was death by Israel's sword;
But the particulars as far as shown,
By reference to the Scriptures may be known;
Though the account is short, it serves to show
That evil deeds before destruction go,
And that the things which men from heaven may learn,
Cannot avail them when to sin they turn.
Though Providence may counteract each plan
Adopted in the selfish will of man,
The power which still the universe controls,
Will not force happiness upon our souls.

Though Balaam yielded to the Lord's command,
To bless the people where a curse was plann'd,
How soon his former selfishness return'd,
And of unrighteousness the wages earn'd.

Of God's protection, Israel was secure,
While they from evil works continued pure
And might defiance bid to all the foes,
Which in the nations round against them rose;
But when they from enjoin'd obedience failed,
The machinations of their foes prevail'd,
And in this case, the sacred records tell,
That four and twenty thousand people fell,
Not by the sword of their designing foes,
But by a plague, which in the camp arose.
But soon the Isralites with Midian fought,
And Balaam perish'd for the sin he wrought.
The Scriptures for our learning have been given,
Through holy men, of old, inspired from heaven;
And saving truths contain, in spite of all
Which may from tongues and pens of sceptics fall;
It then should be the care of young and old
To profit by the things which they unfold.

1845.

A LAMENTATION

FOR THE LOSS OF MY BELOVED COMPANION, LYDIA HARVEY, WHO DIED THE 13TH OF THE 11TH MONTH, 1832, AGED 32 YEARS AND 4 DAYS.

A melancholy muse invites my lays
While pensive grief upon my spirit preys.
Alas! how fluctuating and how vain
Are all the hopes which mortals entertain!
What sad misfortunes oft usurp the place
Of promised pleasures and of happier days!
To have ill health or be with care oppress'd,
A person still may live in hope of rest;
The loss of wealth, into distress may bring;
Yet this may be a temporary thing:
A man, by future diligence and care,
May such a loss in a short time repair.
To lose a parent, brother, child, or friend,
Brings strong affliction while the tears descend:
But when a loving wife is seen no more,
The grief is treble and the wound more sore.
I and my spouse a married life begun
The fall of eighteen hundred twenty-one;
Our love was not the passion of a day
But of that kind which never wears away.
She had been with me in my toils and cares,
A faithful partner for eleven years.

Six prattling children claim'd her tender care,
A task which she did with much patience bear;
Through all the toils she for them underwent,
She mostly with her lot appear'd content,
And often show'd a strong solicitude
Both for their temporal and eternal good;
Her mind to future prospects oft was turn'd
And seem'd for them as for herself concern'd.
An even temper mostly she possess'd,
And anger could not harbor in her breast;
A lively pleasantry her manners graced,
And yet in conversation she was chaste,
Without deceit, nor fearing to displease,
Whatever she thought fit, she spake with ease.
In evil tattling she was never found,
But to good order and the truth was bound.
Firm in the faith which all true Christians hold,
Before new doctrines, she preferr'd the old;
When notions false throughout the land were spread,
And friends, she valued, from the truth were led,
Her faith, for a short time, was sorely tried;
But she remain'd on the Redeemer's side.
She had esteem'd all her true friends before,
But since the schism, seem'd to love them more;
At least, all such as had most firmly stood
For Christians doctrines and the church's good.
She had, a while, been in a weakly way,
But still some work perform'd on every day;

And of our meetings, miss'd but few beside
One on first day, the last, before she died;
She had a sober look through all that day,
And seem'd to have not many words to say;
At night, two chapters* in the Bible read,
And in a thoughtful frame retired to bed.
My mind, that night, more deeply was impress'd
Than e'er it felt. When I read to the rest
Her voice was solemn and her look composed,
And long the pause, when she the book had closed.
Our youngest child, though always full of noise,
Sat still, with me, nor once did raise his voice;
He ne'er before had been so quiet kept
At such a time, unless he soundly slept;
I look'd upon it then as something strange,
But had no thought of such an awful change.
I did not for some time to bed retire,
But sat up, lonely, musing by the fire,
While she, in bed, did such a stillness keep,
That I supposed she must be fast asleep,
But when I went I found her still awake,
Which caused me an inquiry soon to make;
She said, she did not then "feel much unwell,
But how her case might end she could not tell,
That she had entertain'd some doubts of late
It might in something worse soon terminate."

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* The 14th and 15th chapters of John.

We then in conversation spent a while,
But gentle sleep did soon my cares beguile.
In common health next morning she appear'd,
And no complaint from her, that day, was heard,
She seem'd more cheerful than the day before,—
That night took ill and saw the light no more.
No mortal tongue can e'er describe the wound
That pierced my heart when I her dying found
I knew her pain had, for a while, been great,
But as it seem'd, near midnight, to abate,
And she appear'd to fall into a doze,
I little thought her life so near its close,
Until a sudden fit absorb'd her sense,
And when it ended she departed hence.
How inexpressible my weight of wo,
When to another world I saw her go,
It felt so great, I from my heart did crave
To sink with her into the silent grave;
And that my soul (O wretched thought!) might be
Annihilated to eternity,
Unless I could, with full assurance, know,
That she to Heav'nly peace and rest did go,
And be permitted, when I came to die,
To meet my dear among the saints on high.
I never can forget that awful night,
When her immortal spirit took its flight.
O! canst thou tell, my dear, what Heav'nly power,
Thy bed attended, in thy dying hour,

While I unconscious of thy end so near,
No language used that could thy spirit cheer.
Fatigued with nursing our dear youngest child,
That had upon thy knees so often smiled,
But now was crying, on the bed to be
Where he had nightly lain, and slept with thee.
Late in the night, with care and sleep oppress'd
I laid me down a while to take some rest;
From what I had observed a while before,
I thought the greatest danger then was o'er,
But soon was roused, to hear thy latest breath,
And see thee struggling with the pangs of death.
It would have been consoling to my mind
To know that thou wast to thy fate resign'd
Thou could'st have told me a short time before.
'T was now too late, for thou could'st speak no more.
If all the earth had been at my command,
Or heaps of gold as countless as the sand,
To give them all I should have then felt free,
For but five minutes to converse with thee:
The time for conversation now was past,
And thou, in a few moments, breathed thy last,
With fervent thoughts as ever warm'd my breast
I wish'd thee safely to eternal rest.
Thy death was such an unexpected thing,
It to my feelings brought the deepest sting,
And in my troubled mind produced a fear
That thou wast unaware of death so near,

And that too short a time had been allow'd
For thee to be prepared to meet thy God.
I with no evil conduct could thee charge,
And knew that thy account could not be large;
But if not quite prepared before that hour,
It never more could be within thy power.
While thus the torments of uncertain thought,
With awful weight, upon my feelings wrought,
I thought if thou wast gone to endless wo,
I should be willing there myself to go,
Eternal misery with thee to share,
As thou with me the ills of life didst bear.
But all such doubtings have been since dispell'd,
And I have thee in innocence beheld
A tender mother and a faithful wife,
Peaceful in death, as innocent in life,
Thou on a dying bed didst nothing say
Which indicated terror or dismay,
And thou, of speech didst still retain the power
Till near the close of the last solemn hour.
Thou hast been call'd to thy eternal home,
In peace away from evil yet to come.
But when I think on my dear partner dead,
All consolation seems forever fled:
It wounds my heart and aggravates my wo,
To think what pain thou hadst to undergo
In thy short journey to that narrow house,
Which now incloses my belovéd spouse.

And to my soul how bitter is the thought
Of former days into remembrance brought:
That love which soon reciprocal became,
Began with me before I knew thy name;
I saw thee first upon a summer's morn,
When youthful freshness did thy face adorn —
Ere thou, of sickness, hadst that tedious spell
Which caused thee after ne'er to look so well,
But this my love for thee did not impair,
I still the impression on my heart did bear,
Though twice the sun perform'd his annual round
Before we in hymeneal bands were bound.
A tall and shapely dame, not yet nineteen,
Of sober countenance and graceful mien,
Along the path, thou with slow step didst tread,
And by the hand thy youngest sister led.
As thou wast coming to the meeting place,*
Where all the children went in happier days,
Before a scism did the church divide,
And draw thy sisters to another side.
'T was then, as I stood near the "meeting house,"
I saw thee first and mark'd thee for my spouse:
When I with thee had an acquaintance made,
Affection for thee did my heart pervade;
I at thy uncle's house† sometimes did call

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* Lytle's Creek meeting.

† The house of Reuben Green, where she boarded during the school.

And we both went to Carter's school that fall;
We in our studies there did still improve,
And for each other had a tender love.
I often noticed if I look'd at thee
Thine eye, that moment, glanced away from me,
While a sweet blush upon thy cheek did rise,
And beams of love shot from thy sparkling eyes, —
Now, closed in death, the eyes that sparkled so,
And cold the cheeks which did with blushes glow;
While memory brings these things before my view,
To tell what my heart feels no pen can do.
In painful retrospect I still can see
Thy look and actions while thou livedst with me,
At work, or with a babe upon thy knee.
The true affection thou for me didst have,
Thy quick transition to the gloomy grave,
The scenes of youth, the smiles thy face then wore,
Crowd on my thoughts and make my trouble sore;
And must I think, O! dearest to my heart!
That we forever more have had to part.
I for no fortune cared in worldly pelf,
My love for thee was only for thyself.
I took thee as thou wast, a loving bride,
And hoped to live with thee until I died.
We lived together for the greater part,
In happy love, and both possess'd one heart;
I ne'er abused nor call'd thee an ill name,
And yet find much wherewith myself to blame;

Amid my cares some things have taken place,
Which for the present did my temper raise;
Thy feelings then were hurt by what I said,
And all comes home to me since thou art dead;
May God, in mercy, pardon me for this,
And for all things that I have done amiss.

We left Todd's Fork, last spring, without a tear,
And with no gloomy prospect, settled here.
With our new home we were well satisfied,
And had begun for winter to provide;
We on our farm had some improvement made,
And plans for other works had just been laid,
When thou wast call'd away to worlds unknown,
And I left here disconsolate — alone —
With the sad thought that on this mundane shore,
I can my dear companion see no more.
My farm, now like a cheerless desert looks;
I find no pleasure in my new-bought books;*
The world but like a dreary waste appears,
While sad reflections drown my eyes in tears.
Our children all seem well and full of glee,
But that no pleasure can afford to me.
My parents live with me, and yet my house
Looks lonesome in the absence of my spouse.
But I must quit that theme and cease to mourn,

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* Clarkson's "Portraiture of Quakerism," and the works of Barclay, purchased a few days before her death.

Thou never more wilt to this world return,
And but a few years only can divide
A weeping husband from his partner's side;
Where all my sorrows, every cause of pain,
And all belonging to a world so vain,
Shall be forgotten in the silent grave,
And to die well is all that I need crave;
For while thy body molders in the dust,
Thy soul, immortal, lives in Heav'n, I trust.
Farewell, my dear! among the truly blest
I hope to meet thee in eternal rest;
But if I fall upon another shore,
Farewell! a long farewell, forever more!
Then grant, O Lord, I freely may resign,
To thy pure will and own thy power divine.
Thou first didst give and then didst take away,
And 't is my duty to revere thy sway.
I trust she had become prepared to die,
To leave this world, and join the church on high;
If by this stroke thou didst some good design,
Let me no longer at thy will repine;
But still I must so great a loss deplore,
My dear, my loving partner is no more.
Our tender children still require much care,
And none with me in such a task can share;
Help me, O Lord! to rule them as I ought,
And let them never suffer by my fault;
From evil ways and out of every snare,

Preserve them by Thy providential care.
My own lost time I never can recall,
And must endure whate'er shall me befall;
Whatever wrong I in my life have done,
Forgive me, gracious Father, through Thy Son!
And grant that I henceforward may fulfill
The requisitions of Thy holy will
That my poor soul may find a resting place,
When in this world I shall conclude my days,
With all the ransom'd and redeem'd to join,
And let the glory be forever thine. Amen.

STORY OF JOHN DERMOT.

WHO FELL IN A DUEL AT PETERSBURGH IN VIRGINIA.

(From the prose of Mason L. Weems.)

Assist me, O my muse! while I relate
The tragic story of young Dermot's fate.
In Ireland this young nobleman was born,
Transcendent beauty did his frame adorn,
And in his soul such brilliant talents shone,
As made all human wisdom seem his own;
Though happier if confined to Ireland's strand,
A simple herdsman in his native land,
Than far from home, beyond the ocean's roar,

To meet with death and to return no more.
Alas! how often those with talents rare,
Who in their morning splendor promise fair
For days of glorious shining to the world,
Are in an instant from their orbits hurl'd
By drunkenness, that ruthless human foe,
And quench'd in all the gloom of night below.
And thus it was with Dermot, sad to tell,
For he to wine an early victim fell.
When in life's prime to Petersburgh he came,
How idolized by every age and name,
The youths in num'rous crowds around him hung,
To catch the music of his fluent tongue.
His wisdom by the aged was admired,
And virgins for him were with love inspired;
But in the midst of all, by ways unthought,
He soon was to an awful exit brought.
It was at Petersburgh, ah! fatal place,
This gay and noble youth must end his days,
Though he in innocence no doubt came there,
He basely was betray'd into a snare.
It was resolved to make a public treat,
Where sev'ral foreign gentlemen should meet,
Who then at Petersburgh on business were,
Or but as travelers happen'd to be there.
A splendid table with rich wines was graced,
And Dermot in the foremost seat was placed,
While many of the dissolute and gay

Were his companions on that festal day.
The first course ended to appearance well,
No one got drunk, and none to wrangling fell,
And through the next it might have been the same,
But drunkenness, "that cruel spoiler," came.
Their wits at last with wine became confused,
And politics must then be introduced,
As subject as unfit in such a scene,
As fire brands for a powder magazine,
And an explosion follow'd quite as dire
As could from powder at the touch of fire.
French, English, Irish, and Americans,
Conversed upon the diff'rent nation's plans,
'Till some one present thoughtless mention made
About the French aggressions on our trade.*
Here Dermot, who, although an Irishman,
Was yet in heart a true American,
The subject seized, and in a thund'ring tone
Declared the French "all villains — every one,
From Bonaparte down to the lowest grade,"
And cast on all their crimes the darkest shade.
Unthinking wretch! a Frenchman sitting by
Heard from his tongue these fierce invectives fly,
And none need be unable to suppose
What keen resentment in his bosom rose.
His cheeks first redd'ning with an angry glow,

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*The commerce of the United States.

The strongest marks of indignation show,
And yet his passion instantly he curb'd,
And with the air of one quite undisturb'd,
To Dermot coolly thus himself address'd:
"I hope you do n't rank me among the rest?"
"Who are you? I do n't know you," Dermot cried.
"Perhaps you may some time," he soon replied,
Then rising from the table out he went,
And straight a challenge was to Dermot sent,
Who (thinking he, a man of honor, must
His life to the delusive phantom trust)
Did to this dire proposal quickly yield,
And met him arm'd upon the fatal field;
The pistols once, without effect, were fired,
But each, impell'd by rage — by wine inspired,
Intent his foe to kill or else be slain,
In haste resolved to try it o'er again:
So done, a ball to Dermot's heart was blown,
Who sinking down expired without a groan.
To hinder the affray no person tried,
'T was an affair that bullets must decide;
To brook an insult would have brought disgrace
Upon a gentleman in such a case,
And men of honor to their creed must stand,
To suit the practice of this christian land.
Let each gay youth stop in his swift career,
And give a moment to reflection here.

And may you learn to shun the things that lead
To the commission of each evil deed.
Here you may read the melancholy fate
Of one though wise yet impotently great;
No person present at the festive scene
Was more admired than Dermot once had been,
Or more beloved by many of the gay
Who saw his fall upon that hapless day.
"'T was his misfortune," but the case is worse,
The things which caused his death are still our curse,
And from his grave a voice to us now calls,
In tones that shake his mansion's moldering walls:
"To you, oh! people of America!
'T is shameful that in this enlighten'd day
A base and savage custom still remains,
Which, tho' called honor, all true honor stains;
How many gallant youths in duels have
Been hurried headlong to the silent grave:
Yet liquors have of late more thousands slain
Than all the duels since the time of Cain.
A curse awaits your fashionable feasts,
Where men are transform'd into savage beasts;
And your false honor, in whose cause I fell,
Is but the scorn of heaven and boast of hell!
Had it not been for customs void of grace,
I might have lived a blessing to our race;
For I was in the dawn of manhood's prime,
By them betray'd, and hurried out of time,

And youths and maidens will for many a day
Shed tears of sorrow o'er my silent clay,
And the more wise, when pointing to my grave,
May say, 'There lies a youth more rash than brave.'
Rulers, beware, such things by you allow'd,
Will rouse the vengeance of Almighty God;
And, oh! ye youths beware: let one and all
Take special warning from my early fall."

1820.

A SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

One with whose name we in the Scriptures meet,
Who "drove" the people "from the judgment seat,"
A Temanite who rent, in grief, his robe,
And "sat down seven days to mourn" with Job;
And one, who, as we in the Bible read,
Won Caleb's daughter by a valiant deed;
A prince who "the old men's advice refused,"
And that of his vain, youthful comrades choosed,
A man who gave wise counsel to the Jews,
To let th' apostles teach their christian views;
And a young Buzite, call'd "Barachel's son,"
Who made a speech when Job's three friends were done.
A priest who to the Jews did prophesy,
Saying that "one should for the nation die;"

And he, who was of Rome, as we have heard,
The Emp'ror when our Saviour first appear'd,
One who at Jericho the spies did hide,
And was preserved when all were slain beside;
And one whose name with others is enroll'd,
Call'd "King of Nations," in the days of old,
And the first mention'd man with mortal breath,
Who went to Heaven without seeing death;
And one who "to her mother in law did cleave,
Resolved, a friend in trouble not to leave."
The individuals meant, above, may claim
Two lines of this enigma to each name,
And of the names arranged, th' initials make
A name I honor, for the person's sake,
And my young readers are required to tell
The names, off hand, and what th' initials spell.

Third month, 1820.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

The reign of cold winter is over, at last;
The flow'rets are opening along the gay strand;
The storms and foul rage of boreas are past,
"And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

The gay, feather'd songsters, from far distant groves,
Have, lately, return'd the glad tidings to bring,

Attuning their throats, with the songs of their loves,
And, sweetly, proclaiming the empire of spring.

All nature is cheerful, and smiling around, [brow;
The lambkins are sporting on the hillock's green
The farmer, for planting, preparing his ground,
And whistling for joy, as he follows his plow.

His hopes, now, are raised from the beauties of spring,
That his labors thro' summer, may amply be crown'd,
When autumn a bountiful treasure shall bring,
From the blessings of Heav'n bestow'd on his ground.

May God ever bless thee! thou land of delight!
In all that gives pleasure to seasons of care;
When the glories of spring are unveil'd, on the sight,
What country under Heav'n can with thee compare!

Some others may boast of their fruits and their wines,
Where spring smiles in beauty, and winter ne'er raves,
And yet, in each place where the sun brighter shines,
One man is a tyrant, and the rest are his slaves.

With freedom and plenty upon a rich shore,
From it I would wander to no foreign strand;
While Heaven's chief blessings around me still pour,
The fairest and dearest 's my own native land.

1824.

REFLECTIONS

WHILE PASSING ALONG THE ROAD FROM WAYNESVILLE TO HARVEYSBURG, EXCITED BY THE RECOLLECTION OF THE FIRST CONVERSATION I HAD WITH DEAR LYDIA, WHO IS NOW NO MORE.

What causes I can find of late
For grief and trouble sore,
Since by a hapless turn of fate
Dear Lydia is no more.

Instead of joys and soften'd cares,
Unmix'd with scenes of wo,
Of pleasant days and happy years,
I naught but sorrow know.

Though I have wish'd to be resign'd
To my unhappy lot,
Some things imprinted on my mind
Can never be forgot.

Oh! ever dear and loving wife,
It causes me to grieve
That thou so early in thy life
Shouldst have this world to leave.

That I so soon must be bereft
Of one I held so dear,
And our poor helpless children left
Without a mother's care.

The hopes of future usefulness,
Which thy past conduct gave
(Though we thy virtues still confess)
Are blasted in the grave.

How deeply I have had to mourn,
Whene'er the thought arose,
What racking pain thou must have borne
Before the final close,

That in the space of one short night
Could lay thy body low,
And leave me in this mournful plight
To bear a load of woe.

Without one thought to comfort me,
Or ease my troubled breast,
Except, that thou from pain art free,
And in eternal rest.

But still the scenes of early life,
And of each happy day,
Which with a true and loving wife
So swiftly pass'd away.

Back to my mind as swiftly come,
In retrospective view,
Upon the road or at my home,
And anguish still renew.

Near fourteen years have now expired
Since I first talk'd with thee,
And of thee first thy name inquired,
And it was told to me.

I overtook thee on this hill *
Upon a summer's day,
As we from meeting † at Waynesville,
Did pass along this way.

I once before had seen thy face,
And had thy look admired,
But of thy name or dwelling place,
I had not yet inquired.

Thy person I had borne in mind,
And wish'd again to see,
And now was pleased this chance to find
To talk awhile with thee.

Thy countenance was fair and sweet,
Then in the bloom of youth:

* The hill east of the Waynesville bridge.
† Miami quarterly meeting, in the eighth month, 1819.

Thy heart was tender and replete
With innocence and truth.

We rode together sev'ral miles,
In conversation free,
Thy face possessing still such smiles
As lovers wish to see.

I now can see thy looks as plain
As when we rode along,
And hear in the same gentle strain
The language of thy tongue.

This scene is past, and many more
Which I reflect upon,
Though not with pleasure as before,
For thou art ever gone.

The ties which bound thee to my heart
Have been asunder torn,
And while my spirit feels the smart,
I still for thee shall mourn.

I never more shall see thy face,
While on the earth I dwell,
But if we meet in heavenly grace
It will with both be well.

1833.

PAIN AND SORROW

INCIDENT TO HUMAN LIFE, BUT EVIL THE RESULT OF OUR OWN FOLLY.

The life of man is but a span,
And full of grief and care,
But future bliss, to balance this,
Will be the christian's share.

The sweetest rose that ever blows,
Has thorns upon its stem,
And ought below unmix'd with woe,
Can be no earthly gem.

Yet all is good when understood,
In heaven's unerring plan,
And the worst ill we have to feel,
Is from the fault of man.

For men are all so prone to fall,
Into an evil course,
It often tends to thwart good ends,
And leads from bad to worse.

In youthful pride we turn aside,
From the true path of peace,

And think that we may happy be,
If our desires we please.

But in a while the fatal smile
Of pleasure fades away,
And we begin to see how sin
Has led the soul astray.

And while we sup the bitter cup,
Which folly thus prepares,
We may in vain of ills complain,
Which ev'ry sinner shares.

But when distress'd it is not best
To sink into despair,
A God of love, from heav'n above,
Will hear a contrite prayer.

The spirit saith, "Come in true faith,
There 's mercy yet in store,
Let ev'ry one who wrong hath done,
Return and sin no more."

Why will not, then, the sons of men,
With God's sure mercy close,
And shun, though late, that dreadful state,
Which brings eternal woes.

Twelfth month, 1840.

FALL.

Now, notwithstanding all that poets sing
Of pleasure in "the merry months of Spring,"
Of gentle breezes and refreshing showers,
Of fost'ring sunbeams and of opening flowers,
To me most pleasant of the seasons all,
Is "yellow Autumn," or the months of Fall.
Spring may be sweet to poets, bred in towns,
Or to some idle, lounging country lowns,
Worthless for aught but to be deep in love,
Or listen to the music of the grove;
Yet to th' industrious brings a scene of care,
And bids them for their summer's work prepare;
Inspired with hope, yet with concern they view
Time swiftly fleeting, and their work to do;
Aware that all their hopes may chance to fail,
From summer's drought, or storms of wind and hail;
From ravages of worms, black birds, or crows,
Blasting their labors as the season goes;
The farmer's hopes are form'd, his plans devised,
But ne'er in Spring can they be realized.
Next Summer comes, and oft with sickness wan,
Makes sad impressions on the face of man;
But when in Fall the sickly season ends,
The man who has not lost his dearest friends,
Who sees he has escaped the fatal blow,

Which laid some of his nearest neighbors low,
And now beholds his toils with plenty crown'd,
With thankfulness will feel his heart to bound.
His barn well stored against the winter's day,
Affords more pleasure than "the flowers of May;"
Large fields of corn with heavy, bending ears,
Now, to his eye, a charming sight appears.
He often sees his crops have far surpass'd
His highest hopes, while summer's drought did last;
The loads of fruit which on his trees now hang,
Delight him more than all the birds that sang
Among the trees, the merry spring before,
While yet from frost the fruit was not secure.
Potatoes, pumpkins, garden roots and all,
Show their perfection only in the fall.
Rich, yellow cheeses on the shelves now shine,
Ready for market, from the milk of kine.
Dried fruit in heaps upon some upper floor,
Or pack'd in casks, augment his ample store,
While the rich cider from the press doth flow,
To fill his barrels in the vault below;
These, with the treasures of the barn and field,
Joy and profusion to the farmer yield,
And fill his cheerful heart with gratitude
To the all-wise Dispenser of all good,
Whose are all things, and from whose bounteous hand
Flow peace and plenty o'er a smiling land.

1826.

REFLECTIONS,

WHILE LOOKING AT A GROVE OF FOREST TREES WHEREON SOME DEAD LEAVES WERE RUSTLING IN THE WIND.

Though mortal men may lay their schemes
Through a short life of pain,
The world is but a land of dreams,
And human labor vain.

The leaves may rustle on these trees,
Their lofty tops may wave
Before the lively western breeze,
When I am in the grave.

It is no harm to form a plan,
Or modest hopes to raise;
Yet human life is but a span,
And full of troubled days.

My loving wife is gone to rest,
Though youngest of the twain,
And I with care and grief oppress'd,
Have mourn'd for her in vain.

Sometimes discouraged in my mind,
Each prospect dark appears,
And when relief I seem to find,
'T is in a flood of tears.

But when, through mercy, grief and pain
Are banish'd from my breast,
A cheering hope I entertain,
That all is for the best.

Though all things round so sad appear,
Since my companion died,
My home to me is still more dear,
Than any spot beside.

Then while I live, let me stay here,
If still a home I have,
And when I die, be buried near
My dear companion's grave.

1834.

THE WIDOW OF PETER CLEAVER,

LAMENTING THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

O! may the muse which lends her tuneful breath
To poets, when they sing of grief and death,
By ancient bards declared to never smile, *

---

* The muse which, according to the opinion of the ancients, inspired mourners and disappointed lovers, was said to never smile.

Be the inspirer of my humble style,
While I in plaintive strains my sorrows pour,
O'er a dear husband who is now no more.
The gay, the proud, the thoughtless, and the vain,
At ill success may murmur and complain;
But thousands in the world can never know,
What sore afflictions others undergo;
Without a thought what soon may be their lot,
The woes of others are by them forgot:
In earthly blessings, oh! how vain to trust!
And youth and beauty soon are laid in dust.
In early life with a kind husband blest,
I toil'd with pleasure and in peace could rest:
In mutual love we pass'd each happy day,
And grief and sorrow then seem'd far away,
But with advancing time we learn'd to know
All things were quite uncertain here below,
And scenes of trouble which excited tears,
Appear'd increasing with revolving years;
A younger sister whom I dearly loved,
Was out of time in sprightly youth removed;
And two young children, nearer to my heart,
In innocence did to the grave depart;
Our house was burnt and property destroy'd,
Which to procure had long our hands employ'd.
For our dear children though a while we grieved,
Time eased our sorrows and our cares relieved;
To lose our goods seem'd an unhappy lot,

But trouble of this kind may be forgot:
And all our losses never could compare
With one which I at present have to bear.
We still work'd on, and were retrieving fast
What we had lost by the destructive blast,
When in the midst of hopes for better days,
Which out of sorrow might our spirits raise,
My loving husband and my constant friend,
On whom I could so much for help depend,
Out of an active and laborious life,
From his dear children and his tender wife,
Was by the hand of death compell'd to leave
This wide creation for a narrow grave;
And I a solitary mourner left,
Of earthly consolation quite bereft,
Here in a lonesome and secluded spot,
With unavailing tears lament my lot;
How all the pleasant days which I have known,
On time's swift pinions have forever flown.
Though years may still revolve, they never more
Will my dear husband to his spouse restore.
On all his labors now I look in vain,
What once brought pleasure now produces pain;
About the farm his various works I see,
Perform'd for our dear children and for me:
While yet in health to hardy toils inured,
Bread for his family he still procured,
And still to me display'd his tender care,

To ease each burden I was doom'd to bear.
But oh! how changed appear all things around!
'T is silence now and solitude profound,
Where once his ax upon the timber play'd,
While fields and buildings on the farm he made,
And I am now exposed to hardships more
Than I had been in all my life before.

Next to my husband, in a mourner's heart,
Our tender children claim the dearest part,
For all his features though in death now cold,
I in their faces plainly can behold;
But these dear objects of my fond desire,
In childhood yet their father's care require:
They all are boys, and his instruction need,
In proper business rightly to proceed;.
To show them what to do and make them mind
Their sev'ral duties in the tasks assign'd.
To work in doors and have without such care,
Sometimes seems more than I have strength to bear;
The scenes of nature once could give delight,
But now look sad and lonesome to my sight,
And only have a tendency to raise
In my sad heart the thoughts of former days,
When we in health could take a pleasant walk,
To view these scenes, and on such subjects talk,
Well pleased myself with what I then could see,
He seem'd more pleased because it pleaséd me.
But he is gone, his troubles are all o'er,

And I shall see him in this world no more;
His love and kindness, though we had to part,
With me shall live, engraven on my heart.
How long must I continue thus to shed
My unavailing sorrows o'er the dead?
Let me endeavor to become resign'd,
And hope compose the troubles of my mind:
Since God has promised that he still would be
A friend to such as should be left like me —
A father to the fatherless, and those
Who in his goodness will their trust repose.
If he on me did such a trial send,
It was design'd to answer some good end;
Then may his promises enable me
To be content whate'er my lot may be,
And my dear children claim his heav'nly care,
To keep them out of every sinful snare,
That we in this vain world may be so blest
As in the end to find eternal rest;
But while I live whate'er my lot may be,
I shall, dear Peter, still remember thee.

1833.

ACROSTIC, FOR M. P.

'Mid all the changes of this transient state,
And all the ills which on poor mortals wait,
However high or low the ranks we claim,
All claim one passion, all possess the same,
Love is the name whereby it still is known,
And no one wishes long to live alone.
Placed as we are in such a world as this,
Love was design'd to be our mutual bliss,
Unless the heart to tender feelings cold,
Makes it consist but in the love of gold.
Mere useless trash when mortals come to die,
Each sordid miser will be forced to cry.
Riches have wings and often leave their place
The seat of poverty and foul disgrace;
Hence we should learn to never have our hearts,
Raised by our riches or our noble parts,
On what we may possess of earthly things,
Undue dependence often ruin brings.
Give me, therefore, what I would better call,
However short it in the end may fall;
Though quite unworthy of the gift I crave,
Heav'n grant me such a wife as once it gave,
In whose sweet company a life of care
Shall be no burden, or more light to bear.
Such hopes my spirit at the present cheer,

Under a feeling of the love sincere
My heart possesses for a promised bride,
More dear to me than all the world beside,
Endear'd by her true love devoid of art,
Reciprocated from a feeling heart.
Her friend, whose mind no sordid motive knows,
Encouraged first the subject to propose,
Reflects upon its progress with delight,
Safely concluding that it may be right.
Could I recant and my affections place,
However free from shame or void of grace,
On one whose value lay in earthly dross,
Or riches make the object of my choice,
Lust, and not love, would be the moving cause.
Were I to lose thee now, my dearer part,
It would produce deep sorrow in my heart;
Long as I lived the light of heav'n to see,
Life might itself a heavy burden be;
Having my thoughts upon a former loss,
Another added would increase my cross,
Virtue alone from discontent could save,
Enabling me the ills of life to brave.
Therefore, my dear, our highest hopes should rest,
On what God's will may order for the best,
Mix'd with much ill the cup of life, we find,
Is often handed down to human kind,
Nor yet doth God such things for ill intend,
Designing them to answer some good end.

Brought to the middle of my present song,
Unable rightly to keep sense along,
Try now, my muse, to make the latter part,
With better sense and rhyme with equal art,
However hard the task while hope remains,
Excite me to compose in pleasing strains,
Nor baffle with low style poetic pains;
Though hard and rare, as it must be confess'd,
It is a subject which demand thy best.
Surely my willing muse no pains would spare,
On such a trial to delight the fair,
Vain the attempt if nonsense put in rhyme
Entice my reader to misspend her time.
Resuming now what I had left above,
To thee I turn, the object of my love.
Our mutual bliss, until by death we part,
Has love for its foundation in each heart,
Each wishing still its virtue to retain,
Reciprocal it may through life remain.
Let disappointments mingle with our care,
Or sickness come, or trials hard to bear;
Vital affection dwelling in each heart.
Each to the other comfort may impart.
Resolved henceforward thy true friend to be,
I hope thou wilt not be deceived in me,
Nor often have good reason me to blame,
While thou and thy true love remain the same.
Endow'd with faculties to understand,

Duties required in each divine command,
Let us, therefore, while we to these attend,
On their fulfillment for true peace depend,
Consid'ring this well worth our chiefest care,
Knowing that time is short and none to spare,
Making our wants such prudent limits know,
As reason's dictates and our fortune show,
Yet never lacking what we ought to have,
Because we wish a little cash to save,
Endeav'ring thus our duties to fulfill,
Just as we ought through scenes of good and ill,
Our time may be improved, and we be blest,
In the conclusion with eternal rest.
Now reader, if thou wilt the trouble take,
Draw off the capitals and see what they make.

EXPLANATION.

Mahala Plummer, through this summer,
Her school will have to mind,
But when 't is over, to her lover,
In wedlock may be join'd.

Sixth month, 1834.

LINES

SUPPOSED TO EXPRESS THE FEELINGS OF REBECCA POOL, WHEN ABOUT TO LEAVE THE LATE RESIDENCE OF HER DECEASED HUSBAND, WILLIAM POOL, NEAR RICHMOND, INDIANA, TO COME TO HARVEYSBURG, IN OHIO.

This was once the habitation
Where my fondest hopes did dwell,
But to me on this plantation,
Happy scenes have bid farewell.

There is nothing here to cheer me
Now of all that I survey,
And from scenes so sad and dreary,
I in sorrow go away.

But to go can I be willing
From my dear companion's grave?
How the thought my heart is filling,
With such grief as parting gave!

Oh! what sad and trying changes
On this present state attend!
All where human fancy ranges
Is destined to have an end.

All our hopes of future pleasure,
And what little we enjoy,

All we prize in earthly treasure,
One misfortune can destroy.

In the time of Yearly Meeting,
With our friends in former years,
We had joy and social greeting,
At the last a flood of tears.

Friends and kindred at our table,
We had freely entertain'd,
But this time we were unable,
And but few with us remain'd.

While the meeting was attended,
My dear husband dying lay,
And the very hour it ended,
Saw him cover'd in the clay.

Now disconsolate and mourning,
I am left my loss to bear,
To my native place returning,
With a load of grief and care.

What can soothe or end my sorrow,
Will the sight of friends once dear,
Which at Harveysburg to-morrow,
I perhaps may see and hear.

Oh! I fear no change of places,
Can much pleasure bring to me,

Or a sight of friends whose faces
I have often wish'd to see.

While the greatest earthly blessing,
One whose presence pleasure gave,
From the social band is missing,
In the cold and silent grave.

But I hope I may be patient,
Under all the grief I see,
And that God a gracious parent,
May to my dear children be.
1839.

TO THE MEMORY OF JESSE BALLARD,

WHO RECENTLY DIED AT THE VILLAGE OF TECUMSEH, IN MICHIGAN.

In Michigan, two hundred miles away,
Poor Jesse Ballard molders in the clay;
Dear Lydia's brother, eldest of the four,
For whom through life a due respect she bore.
At Harveysburg she * found an early grave,
And Jesse near the river Raisin's wave.

---

* The author's wife.

Upon it's brink the thriving village stands,
Where he had labor'd with industrious hands,
At the house carpenter's and joiner's trade,
And in ten years a handsome fortune made;
And by the people's votes obtain'd a seat
In the assembly of that growing state:
A state, though young, more noble far than those
Where slavery fills the land with human woes.
Ennobled by her firm, decided stand,
Against a union with the Texan band,
Which had by southern statesmen been design'd,
The chains of slavery faster still to bind.
Taught in Ohio, and by birth a Friend,
The claims of slavery he could not defend;
A friend of temp'rance and of equal laws,
He might have useful been in each good cause;
But just as he began a part to take
In state affairs, and help the laws to make,
His chief possessions were in ashes laid,
And he return'd to his accustom'd trade;
And while progressing in his business well,
A piece of timber from a building fell,
Inflicting on his body such a wound,
That in four days he was beneath the ground.
He lived three days, retaining to the last
His senses and his mem'ry of the past,
And died with such composure in his breast,
As gave assurance of eternal rest.

His body, peaceful in the grave doth lie,
His spirit lives among the bless'd on high;
Yet his lone widow and their children, four,
The loss of their protector must deplore,
And claim the tender sympathy of those,
Who from experience feel for others' woes;
She lost a husband ere to Jesse wed,
And now the second is among the dead.
Remote from all his kindred of the name,
To their assistance he could have no claim;
However strong his wishes might have been
To see their faces in a trying scene;
Though by the nearest kindred ties allied,
From him and from each other scatter'd wide,
Three brothers yet alive; and sisters, two,
Their different callings and their cares pursue;
His parents in the silent grave repose,
And none of them beheld his final close;
They could no more than of his exit hear,
And to his mem'ry shed a tender tear.

We heard that he design'd to come this fall,
To see his former friends and kindred all,
Once more, in life, his old footsteps retrace,
And see th' improvements round his native place,
And bring his wife where she had never been,
To be a witness of each pleasing scene.
Pleased with the hope of seeing him again,
Our pleasure was destined to end in pain,

For soon his widow information gave,
That he was dead and in the silent grave.
Though disappointment seems to be our lot,
Yet our dear brother shall not be forgot;
If ever in this life a chance I have,
I 'll see his children, and their father's grave;
And for his mem'ry my respect to show,
On each of them a present will bestow;
And to his spouse, whose lot has been so hard,
Give an assurance of a due regard;
For once my heart by such a loss was tried,
When Jesse's sister, my dear partner, died.
And still with tender sympathy can glow,
When such afflictions others undergo;
And nearer home it brings the present case,
Because a brother lies in death's embrace;
And one who more resembled my dear spouse,
Than any other in her father's house.
But grief is vain, and should the sooner cease,
From the reflection that they died in peace,
And now are safe upon that blissful shore,
Where pain and death can them molest no more.

1839.

J. M.,

OR THE DANGER OF EXTREMES IN RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

J. M. was born no matter where —
And when I cannot tell:
When first I knew him he could swear,
And loved a dram too well.

In universalism bold,
He grew a reprobate,
And whisky to the drunkards sold
Who hung about his gate.

His grocery became a curse,
What whisky shop is not?
And daily growing worse and worse
At length he died a sot.

His faithful wife, though young, had sunk
Into the grave before,
And he continued to get drunk
'Till he could drink no more.

The wretched man, before he died,
Condemn'd by his own heart,
Another wicked doctrine tried,
Though he was right in part.

"That God did some predestinate
To sin and sink in woe,
And that among the reprobate
Men like himself must go."

The two first lines contain a lie,
And Scripture misconstrue;
Yet if a man in sin will die,
The third and fourth are true.

His parents, and his brothers too,
Were of a christian sect,
And each for aught I ever knew,
Was worthy of respect.

Nor do I write this narrative
For aught against the dead,
But for the sake of some that live,
By whom it may be read.

Then let each one the vices shun
That ruin'd this poor man,
And through this life, exempt from strife,
Still do the best he can.

"God willeth not a sinner's death,"
Yet none can heaven secure
Without obedience to that faith
Which makes the spirit pure.

And that vile doctrine held by some,
Condemning babes unborn,
Should leave it's lying teachers dumb,
Of heaven and earth the scorn.

TO J. BALLARD, OF INDIANA.

Dear Brother:

Though by no strong necessity required,
The thought of writing has my pen inspired.
For ease and speed in such a busy time,
Excuse my folly if I write in rhyme.
In the first place, it comes in course to tell,
That I and all my family are well;
And hope that health and peace may be your lot,
For though so distant you are not forgot;
As far as kindredship or friendship goes,
I wish to cherish all that from it flows;
And far as obligations on me lay,
I hope I may be able to repay.
I think you have no reason to complain,
That I from writing should so long refrain;
It has not been so long since you removed,
That I for much neglect could be reproved.
While I the welfare of my kindred prize,

With the afflicted I can sympathize;
And e'en the slave beneath a southern sky,
Claims from my breast a sympathetic sigh.
On themes like these, and in the case of such,
You are aware that I have written much.
But when my relatives are doing well,
I have but little for their good to tell.
Although it is sometimes a cause of pain,
That friends and kindred cannot here remain,
I love too well this land of big papaws,
To leave it soon for hazel nuts or haws.
I love too well where plenty long has smiled,
To leave it freely for a western wild.
Your country may be good, not better though
Than where Miami's streams through Warren flow.
If this fair land is not on earth the best,
It long has stood unrival'd in the west.
All things just now to good advantage show:
The wheat looks well, and corn begins to grow,
Of last year's products an abundant store
Is still on hand; what can we covet more?
We have our wants — some lack the needful cash
To get good bargains in the merchant's trash —
And many people know not what to do,
To pay the debts that are already due.
But it is not the fault of our good land,
That men their business have not better plann'd;
While speculation an impetus gave,

To run in debt for all that pride could crave;
The Jackson policy, and Benton schemes,
Have banish'd cash for golden humbug dreams,
Until the people from their stupor rose,
And thought to bring such bungling to a close;
But now the only hope of some is fled—
The cash is gone, and Harrison is dead.
He ruled one month, and paid a debt then due,
As all the living soon will have to do.
His death, however, can produce no ill,
If those in power their duty should fulfill;
But this I fear will never be the case,
While a slave holder fills the highest place;
For southern int'rests he is bound to feel,
And let the north provide for its own weal.
If means are used to strengthen slavery's chain,
We for prosperity may look in vain;
For at the present hour this monster holds
Both north and south within its winding folds;
And lasting good can never be enjoy'd,
Until th' accursed system is destroy'd.
It's fall, however, is decreed on high,
Though we may not be here when it shall die;
Yet we therein have duties to fulfill,
Which cannot be perform'd by being still;
And yet no rashness should the conduct stain,
Of those who would a glorious triumph gain;
Truth, virtue, and good talents, are combined,

To banish this great evil from mankind.
And after slavery shall have pass'd away,
In spite of the great speech of Henry Clay,
And all the lynchings and the base gag laws,
Which were intended to suppress the cause,
The name of Morris * will inspire the lays
Of ransom'd thousands, in their songs of praise
To God, the author of the work and plan
Of giving freedom to the color'd man.
And honor to the mem'ry, will be paid,
Of John Q. Adams and of William Slade;
These three, who first the cause in congress plead,
Must ere that time be number'd with the dead;
And yet their names will last through time's long course,
With those of Pitt, and Fox, and Wilberforce;
The first who plead the cause beyond the seas,
Whose names are wafted here on ev'ry breeze
With that of Clarkson, whose long labors past,
To Britain's glory did redound at last,
When from the slaves in the West India Isles,
The broken shackles fell in rusty piles;
The labors, thus, of fifty years did close,
Which put an end to countless human woes.
Of the first noble band who firmly stood
Against the foreign trade in flesh and blood,

---

* Thomas Morris, of Cincinnati, who replied to the speech of Henry Clay.

Clarkson, alone, whose years are now four score,
Is with the living, and the rest no more.
Of those who in the islands broke the chain,
A host of true philanthropists remain,
Whose names and deeds their native land adorn,
And will be bless'd by thousands yet unborn.
Two recent triumphs under wholesome laws,
Have through this country much advanced the cause.
The captives of the Amistead are freed,
The highest court perform'd the noble deed;
And in this county, as you may have heard,
Brooke* and his comrades all from guilt were clear'd.
The cause, in their behalf, was ably plead,
And much new light upon the subject shed
By lawyers William Bebb and Robert Schenck,
Which show'd the plaintiff's cause was but a blank.
The court declared, when making its decree,
That ev'ry slave brought here, by law, is free;
And that the citizens no wrong would do,
Such blacks from their oppressors to rescue.
If no unnecessary violence
Should be committed under such pretense;
That Bennet Rains did any money lose,
Or the defendants any thing abuse,
Or that he ever own'd or lost a slave,

---

* For an explanation of this case, I refer my readers to the Western Star, and other papers, which gave an account of the decision of the Supreme Court, in fifth month, last.

No valid evidence his party gave.
That he was back'd by evil men was known,
And all his charges out of court were thrown.
Thus ends the hope which fill'd the hearts of some,
That Brooke would at Columbus have his home.
He prospers still in helping the poor slave,
And Bennet Rains is in the drunkard's grave.*
Alas! that such a thing should e'er be said,
Of any one among the silent dead.
The poor slave holders now will be afraid,
To have their negroes through this state convey'd;
To-morrow, congress will again convene,
But for what good remains yet to be seen.
The eyes of thousands are upon it fix'd,
With hope of good and fear of evil mix'd,
And yet the thoughts of most no further go,
Than to make money through the country flow,
And congress thus is call'd to try its hand,
To save the credit of a sinking land,
And if some transient good to us should fall,
It will be better than no good at all.
But let us once an end of slavery see,
And all the labor on our soil be free,
Let laws redress the wrongs and guard the rights,
Of liberated blacks as well as whites,
If justice says they must be colonized,

---

* He died a short time before the trial.

Let it be done as may be best advised,
And not such prejudice to gratify,
As would compel them from their homes to fly.
Let congress a substantial bank create,
With pow'r to have a branch in ev'ry state,
Not subject to executive control,
Nor managed like the funds that Swartwout stole;
To please no party nor the president,
But for the people and the government,
With such safeguards as would prevent great fraud,
Or speculation on a scale too broad.
Let duties be increased upon those things
From whence the greatest pride or luxury springs,
And on an inverse scale decreased on those
From whence substantial good or comfort flows,
Or let such treaties be with nations made,
As will produce a free exchange of trade,
That our own products may our wants supply,
Or pay for all the foreign goods we buy.
Let temperance throughout the land prevail,
And all the grog shops and distilleries fail.
Let all forget their enmity, and feel
That their own good is in the common weal,
With industry and christian morals join'd,
And we may be the happiest of mankind;
Not happy only in the wealth we share,
But just as truly blest as men could bear,
Who now are living in a land of slaves,

Boasting of freedom over martyrs' graves,
With things into such wild disorder run,
That good which may be plann'd can not be done,
If a reform can not be wrought some way,
I fear the doom of proud America.
To go thus far I did not first propose,
But still kept scribbling as the thoughts arose;
Perhaps you may not thank me for my pains,
But still a little to relate remains.
That drunken, swearing lawyer, Thomas Ross,
Has quit the bottle to defend the cross,
He quit the court house for the tavern bar,
And in the sinners path had travel'd far,
But join'd the Methodists some time ago,
And from the pulpit now his words can flow.
His wife had been divorced for several years,
But his conversion has dispell'd her fears,
The long-lost husband and his former spouse,
Before John Blodget* have renew'd their vows,
And hope from hence to walk in virtue's ways,
And pass in love and peace their latter days.
A—— H——, who had so nearly got
To be what might be call'd a drunken sot,
A sober man his duty now fulfills,
A brother in the church† with Ephraim Mills.

---

*The Baptist preacher at Lebanon.

†United Brethren at Harveysburg.

I am not so sectarian in my views,
But that such changes are to me good news;
While I prefer the principles of Friends,
I own as good whatever works good ends,
A sinner turning from his evil ways,
Makes joy in heav'n to the Redeemer's praise,
And God of persons no respect will show,
Whate'er their names, who do the best they know.
I do not say that I will not remove,
But the necessity must stronger prove,
Than any reason I at present have,
To leave this country and dear Lydia's grave.
In friendship now with all my neighbors round,
Attached to them more than the fertile ground,
Enjoying privileges yet unknown,
To a new-settled country like your own;
Good mills, and schools, and friends located near,
All have a tendency to keep me here.
If friends forsake me or my home I lose,
'T will then be time another place to choose,
And here I wish to let the matter rest,
And on conviction do what seems the best.
Let those who read excuse this hasty scroll,
For with it comes my best respects to all.

Farewell.

Fifth month, 30th, 1841.

THE COMET OF 1843.

Though many people saw its tail,
Not many saw the comet,
Yet some weak hearts did nearly fail
For fear of danger from it.

But it is gone, and in its time
No bands of life did sever,
And we shall see it in this clime
Again no more forever.

Though sev'ral had before been seen,
And some of them more splendid,
And people had in terror been
Until the danger ended,

The present one did some affright,
Beyond my calculation;
For I have view'd them with delight,
As wonders of creation.

In my short life I have seen three,
And each one was a stranger,
But more than from the moon we see,
I never thought of danger.

The pow'r which form'd the starry train
Is still his works controlling,
And in their places will retain
The orbs around us rolling.

Displaying wisdom, pow'r, and skill,
Unmatch'd by earthly splendor,
And while the mind with awe they fill,
Should none unhappy render.

What made the comet cause more dread,
Was Miller's declaration,
Made from the phantoms of his head,
More than from revelation.

That "some time in the present year,
The earth should burn" like Tophet,
But a mistake will soon appear,
And show he was no prophet.

To get the human mind confused
By some new fangled notion,
Is oft a scheme by Satan used
To hinder true devotion.

To follow truth, in what we know,
Would free the heart from error,
And no confusion then would grow
Out of these tales of terror.

We should no Scripture truths deny,
Nor after men be running,
Who vainly into myst'ries pry
By human wit and cunning.

One thing we know — a solemn thing,
Which needs no nice explaining,
That time, to us, an end will bring,
Of all to earth pertaining.

When all who now in being are
Shall with the dust be blended,
Death and the grave may witness bear,
The world, to us, is ended.

And Christ, the Scriptures will fulfill,
To all whose hearts are given,
That God, on earth, may do his will,
"As it is done in heaven."

And to the wicked will reveal
Himself in flaming terrors,
That they the punishment may feel
Of all their sins and errors.

"But of the day or hour," or when,
"No man on earth can know it,"
Nor angels, by their purer ken,
Until the day shall show it.

"One day is as a thousand years,"
And *vice versa* stated,
With Him whose glory still appears
In all that was created.

Which tells to man a truth sublime,
That heav'nly operations
Can not be limited by time,
Nor human calculations.

Whatever God, for man, design'd,
Upon his part is doing,
And sinners in the end will find
Their everlasting ruin.

The righteous, with the host shall join,
Which round the throne are singing,
And as the stars forever shine,
To God the glory bringing.

Fourth month, 1843.

TO JONATHAN AND REBECCA HADLY,

ON THE DEATH OF THEIR SON, ISAAC.

As I am one that has affliction borne,
And have at diff'rent times been call'd to mourn,

I sympathize with you in the great loss
Which to your feelings has been such a cross.
Though death in his best attitude may come,
To summon mortals to the silent tomb,
Whate'er may be the state of those he calls,
The stroke, with weight, on the survivor falls,
And oft by sympathetic force extends,
To their surrounding relatives and friends.
Mortality, since first the world began,
Was by Jehovah's mandate stamp'd on man,
Yet in most cases, even to the best,
Death in their houses is no welcome guest;
Our love of life from nature we receive,
And the desire to see our children live;
But death must come, and some dear one departs,
Which break the ties that bound him to our hearts,
And these must smart and bleed at every pore,
An object of our love is now no more.
Thus often under death's relentless power,
Our fondest hopes are blasted in an hour.
Yet oft behind the curtain which he draws,
Of consolation we may find a cause:
The subject has exchanged a world of pain,
For realms where bliss and life immortal reign;
Happy are those who virtuous paths have trod,
And "bless'd are those who die in peace with God,
From henceforth they shall from their labors rest,"
And dwell forever with the truly blest;

And your dear Isaac, subject of my song,
Though by disease he was afflicted long,
Has gone in peace to his eternal home,
Where pain, disease, and death can never come.
The proofs of piety which he had given,
His resignation to the will of heaven,
The peaceful state, the countenance serene,
With which he left a tribulated scene,
To all concern'd a full assurance gave
Of his eternal peace beyond the grave.
And yet, for him, the fond regard you bore,
The health and comfort all enjoy'd before:
In the abundance of good things possess'd,
And the obedience of your children bless'd,
Contrasted with the loss that you have borne,
Have sorely tried, and caused your hearts to mourn.
Those finer feelings of the inmost soul,
Under excitement, hardest to control,
Are seldom realized, or fully known,
Before their object may be dead and gone.
When all were well you loved him with the rest,
Of your affections, each a share possess'd;
When sickness came, it brought you more to see,
If he should die, how great the loss would be;
But has not death in the conclusion shown,
That love's true pathos was before unknown —
How dear he was no language could declare,
And the affliction seem'd too great to bear.

Those things which once to you some pleasure gave,
All went with Isaac to the silent grave:
A void was form'd which nothing seems to fill,
Of all that once could please the human will.
Our consolation then on Him depends,
Who sends affliction to promote good ends;
Perhaps the dispensation which He sent
For your instruction has been kindly meant,
Be as it may, I have no doubt you feel
That Providence would not unjustly deal;
For Isaac's sake alone it might have been,
That he was call'd to leave this transient scene;
By sin unsullied, angel's wings could bear
His soul unfetter'd from a world of care,
Wherein the best and most obedient child,
In after years might be by sin defiled;
And while you cherish in remembrance dear
The virtues of your son while living here,
Let the reflection give your spirits rest,
That God is gracious and his will the best.
Thus having written what my feelings were,
Upon the subject of your grief and care,
I now will write an epitaph upon
The humble grave of your departed son.

Eleventh month, 1843.

EPITAPH,

TO THE MEMORY OF ISAAC HADLY, OF CLINTON COUNTY, OHIO.

In death's impenetrable shade,
Below this grassy heap,
The cold remains in silence laid,
Of Isaac Hadly sleep.

In early life he took good ways,
Avoiding sin and shame,
His end was happy, to the praise
Of his Redeemer's name.

His body lies in peaceful rest,
And his immortal soul
Is gone to dwell among the blest,
While endless ages roll.

AN ODE,

COMMEMORATING EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

What God for our brethren so recently wrought,
Who dwell far away in the West India Isles,

Upon such a day to remembrance is brought,
Of thousands rejoicing where sweet freedom smiles,
Proclaiming in triumph with heart-thrilling strains,
" Oppression is ended and liberty reigns."

They groan'd for some ages in bondage severe,
But Mercy came down and has broken their bands,
A voice of rejoicing in fancy we hear,
Come with a shrill echo from far distant lands;
" God in his great mercy has broken our chains,
Oppression is ended and liberty reigns."

Achieved without blood by Jehovah's own arm,
Unlike the liberation of St. Domingo,
When in the midst of terrors and constant alarm,
The life blood of many like water did flow,
And of a late struggle her annals now stains,
Where slavery is ended and liberty reigns.

The good men of Britain have merited praise,
Who, under Jehovah, such wonders have wrought,
When for the poor bondmen of th' African race,
The boon of sweet freedom to the Islands was bro't,
And as a rich blessing upon them remains,
Where slavery is ended and liberty reigns.

Their hearts with true thankfulness forever should glow,
For such a great mercy upon them bestow'd,

While thousands of others the wrongs undergo,
Which make life a burden and existence a load;
Where slavery the name of religion profanes,
And ever will do it 'till liberty reigns.

And while thus rejoicing, deep sorrow we feel,
For all the poor bondmen of our native land,
Whose limbs have been pierced by the iron and steel,
Whose spirits are crush'd by oppression's strong hand,
But some are escaping to Canada's plains,
In Victoria's dominions, where liberty reigns.

Our feeling of pity can not be too deep,
But into rash measures should never be drawn,
And while for their wrongs and afflictions we weep,
The day of redemption is beginning to dawn,
When they may sing joyfully, relieved from their pains,
"Oppression is ended and liberty reigns."

And even the oppressor our pity should share,
Who now in his pride and his pleasure can roll,
For a coming judgment neglecting to prepare,
Or seek for God's mercy to save his own soul,
Who still for expedients is racking his brains,
And will not "do justly" 'till liberty reigns.

May infinite Mercy so soften his heart,
That his sad condition he timely may see,

And from his great folly and evil depart,
"And break ev'ry yoke" that the bond may be free,
Whom he so unjustly in thraldom detains,
And still must imbrute them 'till liberty reigns.

Good men of all parties are aiding the cause,
And may heaven's blessing their efforts yet crown,
Producing such equal and rational laws,
That slavery may end and oppression go down,
That every human being with blood in his veins,
May stand up a freeman when liberty reigns.

Our voices 'till then must be heard in true prayer,
And when the great jubilee comes to its birth,
The name of Jehovah in a free land declare,
And sound forth "his praises to the ends of the earth"
Whom the earth nor the heaven of heavens contains,
But through his creation omnipotent reigns.

1843.

STORY

OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ELIAS HARVEY, OF WARREN COUNTY, OHIO, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT THE HOUSE OF HIS UNCLE, JAMES L. WHITSON, IN POSEY COUNTY, INDIANA, ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF THE NINTH MONTH, 1842, AGED SEVENTEEN YEARS, THREE MONTHS, AND TWO DAYS.

The life of man is full of care and pain,
His breath a vapor and his labor vain;
Though we sometimes a little pleasure know,
No joy or bliss is lasting here below.
I now have grief like that which once I bore,
When my dear partner could be seen no more;
A son beloved, though hapless in his day,
Has lately been consign'd to silent clay—
Far from his home and native dwelling place,
Where no relations lie in earth's embrace,
Where none of those who were to him most dear,
Could soothe his pains or shed a parting tear.
Assist my muse, while I the story trace,
Of a poor wand'rer who has run his race.
Elias Harvey was my subject's name—
Of honest parents, but unknown to fame;
Of a peculiar turn from infant days,
He did not seem inclined to evil ways,
But often in the woods and fields was known,

To spend whole days and even nights alone,
Attended only by a faithful hound,
Whose barking often made the woods resound.
Where rabbits and racoons did most resort,
To hunt and catch them was his fav'rite sport,
And with their skins the outer buildings lined,
Afforded pleasure to his youthful mind;
Would hunt at night and labor through the day,
And spent but little time at common play.
As time advanced his wishes stronger grew,
To be where he could better business do,
He read the story of those hunters brave,
Who in the wilderness had found their grave,
And wish'd to imitate old Daniel Boone,
In hunting game much larger than the coon,
To be exempt from common work and care,
And hunt the deer, the buffalo, and bear.
When nearly seventeen he ran away,
And more than forty days from home did stay.
His first excursion to the north was made,*
Where through the mire and snow he had to wade—
Endured fatigue and caught but little game,
And to his father's house return'd with shame.
I welcomed him as a returning son,
And cheerfully forgave what he had done,
In hope he might do better than before,

*To the heads of the Auglaise, in Allen county.

And act in sueh a reckless way no more.
But the next summer, to the future blind,
Intent to satisfy a roving mind,
With a young fav'rite dog and rifle gun,
In the far western wilds to have some fun,
He left one morning ere the break of day,
And on a steamboat bound for Iowa,
From Cincinnati to St. Louis went,
And all his money by this time was spent.
The Mississippi had become so low,
No steamboats travel'd where he wish'd to go,
So he resolved a homeward course to take,
And at an uncle's house a call to make,
In Indiana, near the state's confines,
Where the Wabash the broad Ohio joins,
And on a steamboat he procured employ,
Which to Mount Vernon brought the wand'ring boy.
He then proceeded to his uncle's house,
Where dwelt two sisters of my former spouse,
With whom Elias had acquainted been,
But neither of them for some years had seen.
His own dear mother, sister of the two,
Ten years gone by had bid the world adieu;
This was the first great stroke I had to bear,
Which deeply sunk my heart in grief and care;
A second loss my feelings briefly tried,
When a sweet little boy last winter died,
And now the third with greater force has come,

A wife and two dear sons are in the tomb.
When at his uncle's house he had arrived,
He wrote informing how he had contrived;
"That he was well and homeward would repair,
When he got money the expense to bear."
Though we were sorry that he went away,
And yet some longer from his home must stay,
It gave us pleasure in so bad a case,
To hear that he was at so good a place,
Where he could work and money might obtain,
To bring him to his father's house again;
And so we rested with a hope once more
To see the lost returning to our door.
Two months then pass'd away before we learn'd
The cause why he no sooner had return'd,
And our conclusion came to this amount,
"He soon would come and bring his own account,
That we should not be uninform'd so long,
If he were dead or any thing was wrong,
That now the sickly season was well past,
And the poor wand'rer would return at last."
Thus with delusive hopes and thoughts like these,
His anxious parents did their fancy please,
Until a letter from his uncle came,
Which brought sad news connected with his name,
That he had died almost a month before,
And by his kindred could be seen no more,
And to his sisters in the same with care,

Was sent a lock of their dead brother's hair,
Which they will long in dear memorial keep,
Of poor Elias for whose death they weep.
When first on opening it I saw the lock,
It gave my feelings a tremendous shock;
Before I read a word I knew full well
What news the letter would be sure to tell.
The dark brown color of the lock of hair,
Told who it was that once the same did wear,
That it was sever'd from Elias's head,
And he was gone among the silent dead.
I read, and of the pain that fill'd my heart,
No language can an idea impart;
He had been there in health a month or more,
And had but little sickness known before,
But having in that climate been exposed,
The flux and fever his existence closed.
He by his labor had some clothing earn'd,
Which he design'd to wear as he return'd,
But from the first attack, two weeks allow'd,
His lifeless corpse was in the fun'ral shroud,
When leaving home,* with pleasure in his aim,
To view the country and to look for game,
He thought in distant lands awhile to roam,
And in the fall review his native home,

---

*He left home the 20th of Seventh month, and wrote to us from his uncle, under date of the 31st of the same month, 1842.

To see the objects of his former care,
And witness scenes which might be passing there;
And if well satisfied with Iowa,
To settle in that land some future day.
But having fail'd the country to explore,
His journey ended as described before.
To think of a poor youth so far from home,
With a strong wish but not the pow'r to come;
With painful recollections of the day,
When from his father's house he went astray.
The circumstances of the case combined,
Are calculated to affect the mind,
Much more than when at home or places nigh,
We see our friends and dear relations die;
Can soothe their pains or calm the troubled breast,
And feel assured of their eternal rest.
In health one may think lightly of his home,
But oh! how dear, when pain and sickness come!
And this was realized by my poor son,
In the short race which he so swiftly run.
When taken sick, it seem'd his chief concern,
That he might soon be able to return
To see his dear relations face to face,
And little sister Caroline embrace;
A lovely child, which often on his knee
Had laugh'd and chatter'd in the highest glee.
He own'd that he did wrong in leaving home
Without our knowledge, in the west to roam,

Express'd his sorrow for the trifling way *
In which he did some thoughts to us convey;
And such forgiveness wish'd from us to hear
As might his spirit in affliction cheer.
Had we been there it freely should have been
Dispensed to him in such a trying scene;
Far better though, I hope, he had a friend,
Which could forgiveness to his soul extend,
And where he was, the kindness to him shown
Was such as we with gratitude could own.
The thought of home still in his mind arose
Until the day before the final close;
He then was cheerful, and presumed to tell
His uncle that he felt "like getting well."
But on a false criterion he relied,
That night grew worse and in the morning died.
Thus ends his hope of pleasure in the chase,
And ours a son and brother to embrace.
Far from his mother's grave, upon the shore
Where the Wabash and the Ohio roar,
Where the dark waters still their banks may lave,
And winter winds may howl above his grave,
In silent death he lies beneath the clay,
And soon in dust will be dissolved away.

---

* Some expressions which he considered too light and impertinent, contained in the letter alluded to in the preceding note, the only one he wrote after he left home.

At such a distance from his native home,
We have no hope to ever see his tomb,
But while his body by the earth is press'd,
We humbly trust his soul is gone to rest;
And though it is a cause of grief full sore,
That we can see him in this world no more,
Far better thus to end his mortal name,
Than live to an old age of sin and shame.
Exempt from lying and those actions mean,
Which might in many other lads be seen,
With the exception of his roving ways
His innocence was always to his praise.

Of the few monuments which we behold
Of his past labors, some are growing old,
And o'er the hills and in the woods around,
Where once was heard the barking of his hound,
Where crashing fell the trees he cut for coons
In the bright shining of autumnal moons,
Or, in long winter nights, when all was still
Except the dog that bark'd so loud and shrill,
No sound is heard but of the winds that roar;
The dog is gone, Elias is no more;
And prostrate on the ground the trees decay,
Sad emblems of his body in the clay.

Yet many things upon the farm appear,
Which show his works within the present year,
Where through the fields of corn we daily go,
Of his last plowing still the furrows show,

We see the stubble where he help'd make hay,
The last he did before he went away.
And painful thoughts arise when we behold,
His recent works who now in death is cold.
The gaudy pea fowl which he coop'd and fed,
With plaintive voice reminds us of the dead.
Some little fruit trees still display his care
About the things he undertook to rear,
And near the meeting house, in order stand
Some aspen bushes, planted by his hand,
Which if they live, and to full size attain,
Will a memorial of his works remain,
Until each heart which now with grief o'erflows
Shall like his own in silent dust repose.
The faithful dog which still did him attend,
And in his travels was his constant friend,
Now lost and discontented, seems inclined
To search for one that he can never find,
And as we learn, has lately tried to leave
The place of his kind master's death and grave,
And if to bring him home a chance be found,
He shall return to the old hunting ground.
The dog may come, but now forever vain
To hope Elias will return again.
Though at his uncle's house his lot was hard,
His home relations claim'd his first regard.
And may his death a solemn warning prove
To such as may incline from home to rove,

Lest far from friends they meet a harder fate,
And mourn their rashness when it is too late.
Farewell, Elias! still thy name is dear,
And in remembrance we shall keep it here.
We trust that thou art gone to endless rest,
And may our loss to others' good be blest,
That where the story of thy life is read,
The living yet may profit by the dead.
May ev'ry youth, at home with plenty blest,
Still think his native residence the best,
And in obedience to his parent's will,
His filial duties with content fulfill.
'Till riper judgment, or advice of friends,
By useful changes may promote good ends.
That God may bless them, and no risk be run,
To end in pain what had been wrong begun;
And that no ill-requited parent's cares,
Increase the sorrows which attend grey hairs.

—

EPITAPH.

Here young Elias Harvey lies,
Far from his native home,
And claims the tears of strangers' eyes,
Upon his humble tomb.

Beloved for innocence and truth,
Yet as a hunter brave,

He left his father's house in youth,
And found a distant grave.
Eleventh month, 1842.

His Dog has returned, but HE *can come no more.*

For poor Elias I have mourn'd,
And still my grief is sore,
His faithful dog has just return'd,
But HE can come no more.

To see his things at home again
Renews the grief I bore,
When first I heard the mournful strain,
That "HE could come no more."

His eldest brother has been there,
And from that fatal shore,
His little stock of goods did bear,
But HE can come no more.

His clothes, his dog, and gun appear
Just as they did before,
But the young hunter is not here,
And can return no more.

His brother saw where he was laid,*
And shed his sorrows o'er

---

* In the Methodist burying ground, near the Wabash.

The humble mansion of the dead
That can return no more.

But I am now advanced in years,
And never can explore,
The churchyard where his tomb appears
Who can return no more.

But here with many a sigh and tear
The loss may still deplore,
Of one that was and still is dear
But can be seen no more.

First month, 1843.

TO DANIEL WEBSTER,

ON HEARING THAT HE WOULD SOME TIME RESIGN HIS PLACE IN TYLER'S CABINET, BUT WISHED TO HOLD ON A WHILE LONGER.

Oh! Daniel, what canst thou be thinking about,
That thou art so strongly retaining thy place,
While Tyler is turning all honest men out,
And acting the traitor, to his country's disgrace.

Defeating the hopes of a party so strong,
Which raised him, with Harrison, to office and power;
His treachery has proven our confidence wrong,
And all that we boasted was lost in an hour.

So basely returning the favor once shown,
By those who esteem'd him as one of their friends;
To stick with him longer, from causes unknown,
To thine own dishonor and infamy tends.

Then leave the poor creature! — our ruler by chance;
Thou canst not accomplish thy purpose too soon,
And stand for the doctrine which thou didst advance
In a speech once deliver'd at Niblo's saloon.

Declaring for the honor of thy native land,
That "no such a principle we should embrace,
As in opposition to freedom would stand,
Or strengthen the slavery of the African race."

What then would become of that infamous claim
Which thou hast been urging in slavery's behalf,
While honest Americans are blushing for shame,
And nations around at our foolishness laugh.

The people of Britain have rather more sense,
Than ever to pay us the price of the slaves
Who, on board the Creole, arose in defense
Of all that inspired the American "braves."

In all that is noble, or honest and fair,
Connected with a system professedly free,
Our national interests should all have a share
Of requisite care and attention from thee.

Good men, of all parties, united will stand,
Before this generation passes away,
Against the worst evil that curses our land,
And thou shouldst be equal with Cassius M. Clay,

Who boldly stood forth for Kentucky's best laws,
His own native state from dishonor to save;
May heaven preserve him for the good of the cause,
And make him yet more a true friend of the slave.

I make no apology for speaking my mind,
While wishing no mortal on earth to offend;
The path of true virtue I hope thou wilt find,
The way to true honor and glory in the end.

1843.

REMARKS ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY,

ADDRESSED TO SUCH AS THINK THE QUESTION OF ITS ABOLITION SHOULD NOT BE AGITATED BECAUSE IT PRODUCES EXCITEMENT.

Next to religion and its sacred claim
To veneration from its author's name,
The anti-slavery cause may be defined,
The best and greatest that excites mankind;
And slavery to the human race a foe,
By whose influence other evils grow:
Intemp'rance, gambling, dueling, and all
That lust can make upon its victims fall,
Imbruting men who have immortal souls,
While the oppressor in his pleasure rolls.
What wickedness in that dark region reigns
Where slavery holds its millions fast in chains,
Where lordly whites with color'd concubines,
Sustain a splendor which but dimly shines,
And labor to support a sinking cause,
By gags, and lynchings, whips, and cruel laws—
Where shrieks of bleeding bondmen rend the air,
And for their suff'rings few appear to care!
What blood and treasure were in Florida,
To please slaveholders basely thrown away;
Near forty millions from our coffers drain'd,
Have but in part their sordid claims sustain'd.

The wretched Seminoles can witness bear,
Of the blood hounds that prowl'd for slavery there,
From Cuba brought and set upon the chase,
To crush the remnant of an injured race,
Who from true hospitality could dare
To let some negroes find protection there.
A cause that would remove a curse so dire,
Should all good men with confidence inspire;
But the excitement is sometimes so high
That some regard it with a jealous eye,
And think an anti-slavery man is one
Whose reckless principles we ought to shun.
Though some are wrong who advocate its claims,
And in their lectures use offensive names;
Though some espouse it from mere selfish ends,
And infidels be found among its friends,
Who more in censure of the churches deal,
Than with the wrongs of slaves that christians fee
The cause is good, and has from truth a force
That will direct it in the safest course,
And will, we trust, yet regulate the ways
Of all whose actions bring the cause no praise *
Among its friends and its excited foes,
For truth will triumph where discussion goes,

---

* The errors above named, with which some abolitionists are charged, are mentioned by me more with a hope that they may be corrected where they exist, than for any other reason.

And when it through the churches shall prevail,
The canting strains of infidels will fail,
And upright christians more the ranks adorn,
In this great cause of millions yet unborn.
It must advance, and still in strength will grow,
'Till slavery meets its final overthrow,
And o'er the world as in the Indies now,
At freedom's altar every knee shall bow.
A cause which in its blessings would embrace
So many millions of the human race:
Which has from heaven received propitious smiles,
And banish'd slavery from the British isles,
Demands the firm support of every man
Whose sense of justice comprehends the plan
Whereby the boon of freedom was obtain'd,
In lands where slavery had so long remain'd.
No scheme devised in man's own selfish will
Of such a cause can the design fulfill,
To end by fair and peaceful means alone,
The foulest source of evil ever known.
No anti-christian means can ever bring
The healing waters from th' Eternal Spring;
But if religious feeling can control,
And of the movement be the life and soul,
The body may in part be form'd of those
Whose human hearts can feel for others' woes,
Who from an impulse the Creator gave,
Could soothe the anguish of the bleeding slave.

Or like the good Samaritan, would try,
When both the "Priest and Levite pass'd him by."
The diff'rent churches in their proper spheres
Should pour the truth in the slaveholders' ears,
And foremost to support a righteous cause,
Stand forth for "human rights," and "equal laws,"
Which soon will follow in a peaceful train,
When truth and justice the ascendant gain.
That Heav'n may aid the cause, let christians pray,
And all may help to do the sin away.
If free discussion must excitement raise,
Let those who fear it stand aloof and gaze;
It must go on, as easy to restrain
As the strong surges of the stormy main;
As much defying mortal man's control,
As the proud waves that o'er the ocean roll.
Why of excitement should we have such dread,
If it can cause good principles to spread?
Should Heav'n from Nature's plan the thunder spare,
And lightning never purify the air,
Or should the winds suspend their stormy breath,
All human life would soon be lost in death.
When noxious vapors with the air combine,
Some agitation must the same refine;
And all its poison particles destroy,
That those who breathe it may good health enjoy,
In morals thus, and in religion so,
A calm or torpor makes an evil grow,

Some agitation then must operate,
To cure an evil in a church or state,
And by the stimulus which it imparts,
Arouse to healthful action torpid hearts.
If good be offer'd and the bad oppose,
Must the reformers here their labors close.
No evil custom ever was assail'd,
But that excitement in some way prevail'd;
No reformation e'er on earth was wrought,
But agitation to its aid was brought;
And grand results have still the labors crown'd,
Of all who firmly stood on christian ground.
If christians in this cause must silent stand,
Because mobocracy is in the land,
Or a plain duty in the church neglect,
Because they fear "revivals will be check'd;"
Why did th' Apostles in those evil days,
Among the heathen an excitement raise,
Lest great Diana should be brought so low,
No gain from her would to the craftsmen flow;
Why did the early Friends adopt a course,
Which roused the mobocrats to open force?
The priests were fearful they would lose their gain,
And set the lawless mob to work in vain;
Their institutions in such danger were,
That laws were pass'd to foster them with care;
But Friends had faith that God was on their side,
Though some were hung and some in prison died,

They still proclaim'd the truth and for it stood,
Unawed by threats, by violence, and blood;
Or why did Wesley still maintain his ground,
When opposition to his course he found?
Of slavery thus his definition run,
"The vilest sin that ever saw the sun."
How then can those who in his creed believe,
Slaveholders into fellowship receive,
And ministers and members still retain,
Who by oppression make unrighteous gain.
We hear some say that "slavery is a curse,
But the excitement only makes it worse:
Adds to the wrongs, and aggravates the woe,
Which the poor slave is doom'd to undergo;
That a mild system has more cruel grown,
And would have ended sooner, let alone."
This doctrine sprung from a polluted source,
And with the best inform'd has lost its force;
Things are no worse upon a general scale,
Than when no agitation did prevail,
Upon the whole the prospect is more clear,
And light increasing shines through darkness here;
While a mild radiance gleaming from afar,
Directs our vision to the eastern star,*
Which brightly shines on the West Indian Isles,
Where slavery has gone down and freedom smiles,

---

* British emancipation.

The glad precursor of a joyful morn,
To our poor bondmen and their race unborn;
When freedom's sun shall in its splendor rise,
Dispel the darkness from our southern skies,
And over this and every other land
Her broad, resplendent wing of light expand.

Why did not Moses cease in freedom's cause,
When Pharoah strengthen'd his oppressive laws?
Increasing tasks that were too hard before,
'Till God his judgments did on Egypt pour,
And out of cruel bondage in that land,
Brought Israel's children with a mighty hand,
And over Pharoah "triumph'd gloriously,
The horse and rider drowning in the sea."
And equal judgments on this land must fall,
If we much longer should the blacks inthrall.
If slavery cannot end by peaceful means,
'T will be a harbinger of bloody scenes,
By cruel laws the slave is robb'd of all,
And righteous laws can make the system fall,
Let this be done, a "sinking land to save,"
And war and blood will never aid the slave.

We ask no harsher weapon on our part,
Than that the truth may reach th' oppressor's heart,
That in the day of mercy he may bow,
And shun the judgments that await him now.
As friends of slaves and their oppressors too,
We wish no more than what is right to do;

And if against us mobs their weapons raise,
Are we to blame, or they to merit praise?
With honest wishes for our country's good,
We hope to stand as in the cause we should,
Opposing slavery in a peaceful way,
Until it ceases, or we rest in clay.

I now conclude with a few hints to those
Who make profession slavery to oppose,
But think "we ought to stand for Henry Clay,
For he could help to do the sin away,
His talents and influence are so great,
That in the nation they would have some weight."
If abolitionists their duty miss,
Is there no inconsistency in this?
Let those who voted for John Tyler say
How much they yet have gain'd or hope they may,
And never vote again for one who can
Support a claim of property in man.
Let such as have no principles at all,
Vote as they please, and by it stand or fall,
But those who would consistency approve,
Should not one inch from this position move;
And if no one is named that we can trust,
Let all alone and to ourselves be just.
May God in mercy haste the happy day,
When all oppression shall be done away,
That "Ethiopia may stretch out her hands,"
When freedom's light shall shine upon all lands,

And Afric's children basking in its rays,
Send up to heaven their joyful song of praise
For their deliv'rance and the wonders wrought,
Which have an end to their afflictions brought;
And from imbruted beings rise to know
The benefits which from the gospel flow.

1843.

SPRING AND HER FLOWERS.

'T is now a season of the year
Most charming to the sight,
While the sweet melody we hear
Gives every ear delight.

But while some save their rhyming powers
For "the sweet scented rose,"
And other gay and fruitless flowers
So grateful to the nose;

Give me the blossoms on the trees,
Whose crops of fruit next fall,
May sight and smell and palate please,
And cheer the hearts of all.

The fields now clad in robes of green
My fancy better suit,
Than all the flowrets I have seen
Which fade and leave no fruit.

And yet I love the simplest flower
That rises from the sod,
For all display the matchless power
Of their creator, God.

The same Almighty hand that decks
"The lilies of the field,"
And gives the flowers their tints and specks
And the perfume they yield,

Is that which has such blessings shed
Upon our fertile plains,
And crown'd our harvests with the bread
Which still our life sustains.

His pow'r and goodness still pervade
The heavens, the earth, and air,
And all the things which He has made
Omnipotence declare.

1844.

TO CALVIN WASSON.

DEAR FRIEND:

With the exception of the night,
I have but little time,
A letter to a friend to write,
In either prose or rhyme.

But as the subject I revolved,
Which thy plain hint embraced,
I on this evening have resolved,
To write a sketch in haste.

And first, it may be right to tell,
Before I further go,
That we are all at present well,
And hope you may be so.

Our friends in gen'ral through these parts,
Their usual health enjoy,
And most of them with cheerful hearts,
Their hands at work employ.

And what a blessing is good health,
With competency shared!
No luxury or worldly wealth
Can be with it compared.

Without good health no earthly things
Can be so well enjoy'd,
And riches oft have taken wings,
Where health has been destroy'd.

The weather now is warm and dry,
The birds begin to sing,
And all presented to the eye,
Betokens coming Spring.

My work has been for some few days
Among the sugar trees;
But there my eye no scene surveys,
That can my fancy please.

It o'er my feelings brings a damp,
And starts a tender tear,
To think Elias at the camp,
Can never more appear.

I saw a name, cut by his hands,
Upon an agéd tree,
Which as a brief memorial stands,
Of one I cannot see.

Two years ago, upon the ground
Which I to-day pass'd o'er,
He work'd and still his works are found,
But he is now no more.

But I intended to be brief,
And must this subject leave,
Nor wish to dwell on themes of grief,
That can no pleasure give.

Thy recent visit at our home,
Was pleasant to us all,
And we still hope the time may come,
When thou again wilt call.

It always to our pleasure tends,
And seems to cheer our lot,
When we reflect that by our friends
We have not been forgot.

Though thy appointments in these parts
Are for the present o'er,
And some remain with their vain hearts,
No better than before,

Thy friends with thee have sympathized,
Where'er thy lot was cast,
And good we trust was realized,
Which long with some may last.

The servant of a Master, meek,
Can here no merit claim,
But must the praise and honor seek,
Of his Employer's name.

And though the work is often hard,
Which thou art bound to bear,
We hope true peace is thy reward,
Through God's peculiar care.

And that of the good things of life,
Thy portion may be blest,
And in the church no party strife.
Disturb thy peace and rest.

But while the breaches we survey,
Which mar our Zion's walls,
It to the faithful seems a day,
Which for exertion calls.

While some are making breaches wide,
Some will not help repair,
And those upon the builder's side,
Have harder tasks to bear.

A harvest of eternal good,
Is whitening in the field,
But to the idle will no food,
Of life immortal yield.

And some who long had borne the heat
And burden of the day,
Have left their place for a retreat,
Where many are at play.

But still they make profession strong,
Of doing greater good,
By party action with the throng,
Than while with us they stood.

And of the faithful who remain'd,
James Hadley is no more;
The church has thus a loss sustain'd,
Which many may deplore.

But why should things at home be wrong,
While prospects brighten round,
And light is shining now, where long
The darkness was profound.

In regions of the earth remote,
Where Pagan idols stood,
The christian may with pleasure note,
The gospel has done good.

Where Daniel Wheeler's travels lay
Through seas beyond the line,
Among the Islands far away
The light begins to shine.

The gospel freely in those parts
Was preach'd at Christ's command
And fell upon the people's hearts
Like show'rs upon the land.

The bey of Tunis from the slaves
In his dominions all,
A place of many captive's graves,
Has made the schackles fall.

And in the East and Western Isles,
Which own Great Britain's sway,
Slavery no more the land defiles,
But now is done away.

And in our own dark southern states,
Where slavery long has reign'd,
Philanthropy anticipates
A triumph will be gain'd.

There seems to be a march of mind
Which under Heav'n's control
Is for the future good design'd
Of many a human soul.

And though defection may prevail,
And evil may abound,
The faith of those should never fail
Who stand upon good ground.

The principles which Friends maintain,
Though some but hold the form,
Must to the end of time remain,
Unmoved by ev'ry storm.

And may the power of grace divine
More standard bearers raise,
That our society may shine
As in her pristine days.

That our good fruits to others shown
May God's free grace proclaim,
And many bring his power to own,
And glorify his name.

That slavery, dueling, and war,
And other evils all,
Which now the peace of nations mar,
Before the truth may fall.

And that the day may come to birth,
As saving light extends,
When righteousness shall fill the earth
To its remotest ends.

But for a better time than now
We still may look in vain,
Until more souls to him shall bow
Whose right it is to reign.

Each workman wrought near his own house,
Upon Jerus'lem's walls,
And thus the cause that we espouse
On each for action calls.

1844.

ON THE DEATH OF ABI HARVEY,

INFANT DAUGHTER OF THE AUTHOR.

Our little Abi, lovely child!
Is cold in death's embrace,
As sweet a babe as ever smiled,
Among the human race.

For half a year among the rest,
It ran about the yard,
And more than infant sense possess'd,
To merit our regard.

It's speech was plain for one so young,
It's looks and actions gay;
But now it's little prattling tongue,
Is silent in the clay.

With rich, brown hair six inches long,
And well-set teeth before,
For no dear child a love more strong,
It's parents ever bore.

But heaven took the pledge of love,
Which once to us it gave,
It's soul is gone to rest above,
It's body in the grave.

For though to silent dust consign'd,
With all its pleasing charms,
The blessed Saviour of mankind,
Received it in his arms.

It was a lovely creature while
It drew the vital breath,
And on it's face a settled smile,
Illumed the shades of death.

Rest then, sweet little happy soul,
Beyond the silent tomb,
And while eternal ages roll,
In brighter beauty bloom.

1844.

TO ZILPHA HILL AND HER CHILDREN,

ON THE DEATH OF JONATHAN AND CALVIN HILL.

Dear Friends:

To you a stranger, but to grief not so,
My heart has learn'd to feel for others woe,
And sympathize with sorrows such as fill,
The deeply-wounded heart of Zilpha Hill.

For a dear husband and belovéd son,
With all the scenes of earth forever done;
And with the pious tears her children shed,
For a dear father and a brother dead;
So near each other taken out of time,
One middle aged, and one in youthful prime.
'Tis not my object in your minds to raise
Reflections on the scenes of former days,
Or make a sad display of the contrast,
Between your present grief and pleasures past;
But to express, in the few lines I send,
The feelings of a sympathizing friend,
And if I could I gladly would impart,
The balm of comfort to each wounded heart;
But heav'n alone this blessing can bestow —
An antidote of every human woe.
Of deep, heart-rending sorrow few alive,
Have known much more than I at forty-five,
And all the causes of my grief and tears,
Have happen'd in the course of thirteen years;
A loving wife, one evening on her feet,
And the next morning in the winding sheet;
A roving son, four hundred miles away,
By hands of strangers cover'd in the clay;
And two sweet, smiling babes as heav'n e'er gave,
A son and daughter in the silent grave,
Have furnish'd me with themes of sorrow sore,
For dear ones gone that could return no more,

And the same heart which has so often bled,
Can join with you in sorrow for the dead.
The two that were your strongest earthly stay,
By death's relentless pow'r are torn away,
And on the farm where they had toil'd for years,
How solitary every thing appears,
While from the social circle round the fire,
You mourn the absence of the son and sire.
The orphan's tears, the lonely widow's moan,
I see and hear as sorrows of my own,
And hope the blessings of Almighty pow'r,
May be your solace in each trying hour.
Afflictions of this kind befall the best,
And this vain world is not our place of rest;
In the best earthly things we vainly trust,
And human hopes are written in the dust,
And oh! how little joy the world e'er gave,
To those whose hopes were blasted in the grave.
But when the hand of death has dealt the blow,
Which lays some object of affection low —
A dear companion, or a favorite son,
The blooming maid, or little smiling one —
Those pearly drops which mingle with our grief,
From nature's efforts to obtain relief,
Are no offense to Him whose ways are just,
If in his goodness we repose our trust,
And at his righteous rod do not repine,
Who still afflicts us for some wise design,

Perhaps the objects of our love to save,
From future ill in peace beyond the grave,
And in submission we should ever stand,
To all the turnings of His mighty hand.
Who from affliction can the mourners raise,
And put into their mouths a song of praise.
Though now of earthly help you seem bereft,
And almost comfortless in mourning left,
There is still One on whom you may depend,
The orphan's Father and the widow's Friend,
Who still can make a way where none appears,
For your safe journey through this vale of tears.
And He who "hath our grief and sorrows borne"
Is able still "to comfort all that mourn;"
To guard from evil to our latest breath,
And lead us safely through the shades of death.
Then may such comfort ever be your lot,
Though "the departed" cannot be forgot,
And while their living virtues you revere,
Let the reflection still your spirits cheer,
That they are gone among the truly blest,
And you may meet them in eternal rest.
And though, while here, to grief you give some scope,
You "sorrow not as those that have no hope."

I had proposed to end my letter here,
And of the subject hoped I might be clear,
But feel my mind to the dear children drawn,
Whose worthy father is deceased and gone;

While of the lovely band he left behind,
Each one possesses an immortal mind,
To be prepared by its probation here,
To shine forever in a brighter sphere,
And to this happy state if we attain,
The selfish will must on the cross be slain;
And children should begin in early days
To walk in virtue's safe and pleasant ways,
And much upon the parent's care depends,
And much on children in their choice of friends.
I've known of cases where the father died,
And though her best the tender mother tried
To keep them in a course of doing well,
The children would against her word rebel,
And into evil company have run,
And learn'd such things as all good children shun:
To frolic, dance, get drunk, blackguard, and swear,
And cause the widow's heart more grief to bear.
But in your case let no such things be true,
Or ever said of any one of you.
Your mother has a harder task to bear
Since you have lost your faithful father's care,
And you must do whatever she commands,
To make the burden lighter on her hands;
She will not be requiring more of you,
Than you, if willing, have the pow'r to do.
And if you yield your hearts to grace divine,
You may in every christian virtue shine,

And walking in the path the good have trod,
Live happy here, and die in peace with God.
Farewell! and may the Lord in mercy still
Preserve you in obedience to his will.

1845.

TO AN ANCIENT OAK.

Thou agéd, venerable oak,
Of strength an emblem still,
As yet unscath'd by any stroke,
Thou standest on the hill.

While time has wasted many forms,
And naught of them appears,
Thou hast withstood the frosts and storms,
Of some two hundred years.

Thy look was ancient at the time
When first I saw thee here,
And I was then in manhood's prime,
About my thirtieth year.

But since that day my flesh has sunk,
My vigor has decay'd,
While the same years upon thy trunk,
Have no impression made.

And as our prospects now appear,
If winds no stronger blow,
Thou wilt be firmly standing here,
When death has laid me low.

But thou at length with thund'ring sound,
Attended by no pain,
Shall fall and rot upon the ground,
No more to rise again.

Not so with man—in pain he dies,
And from the world must go,
To blissful mansions in the skies,
Or realms of endless woe.

1845.

TO JEHU PYLE, Sen.

Dear Friend:

It brings a pleasure to my mind,
Which cannot be express'd,
To hear that thou hast been inclined
To seek eternal rest.

That one whose youth and prime of days
Had been in evil spent,

Should in old age, through saving grace,
Be favor'd to repent.

The ransom paid on Calvary Mount,
In the Redeemer's blood,
I hope has cancel'd the account,
Which once against thee stood.

And that the same redeeming grace,
Which first awaken'd thee,
May make the evening of thy days,
From clouds and darkness free.

And give thee to commemorate,
The boundless love of God,
Upon us in this fallen state,
Through Jesus Christ, bestow'd.

That matchless love and mercy free,
To every sinner's soul,
Who humbly bows the heart and knee,
To the divine control.

Though "our transgressions as a cloud"
May often hide His face,
From thee no more may darkness shroud,
Thy Saviour's dwelling place.

Be steadfast then, my agéd friend,
The strife will soon be o'er,
"He that endureth to the end,"
Is safe forever more.

My strength is failing, and my cares
Seem to increase with years,
And of our friends we need the prayers,
While in this vale of tears.

Farewell! and may the arm divine,
Which has sustain'd thee long,
Support thee still, and peace be thine,
With an immortal song.

1845.

DEFENSE OF POETRY.

My gentle muse, though weak, I love thee still,
For thou hast often breathed upon my quill,
And in my journey through this vale of tears,
Been my companion more than twenty years,
And through full many a dark and troubled day
Hast help'd to while my hours of grief away.
Assist me then, while I, in simple rhyme,
Maintain that writing verse is not a crime,

If to our other duties we attend,
And naught unchaste is by the writer penn'd.
Upon what grov'ling blockheads say or think,
It cannot be worth while to waste my ink;
But when some sober men who claim good sense,
Find fault with verse, and with its use dispense,
Asserting that it rises from the brain,
And only tends to make the writer vain,
'T is time for a poor scribbler like myself
To see if nothing wrong lies on the shelf.
Opinions differ on important things,
And prejudice from education springs,
Or from the want of it, among mankind,
While low pursuits too much absorb the mind.
Upon some subjects a conceited pride
Makes one more wise than all the world beside,
While a false notion rests with not a few,
That naught is right except what they can do,
"That common prose is better understood,
And writing poetry can do no good;"
Philosophy and grammar make them sick,
"And all is wrong beyond arithmetic."
But a "diversity of gifts" confess'd,
Should be the principle on which we rest,
Or rather act, in making up our mind,
Upon the part which heaven to each assign'd;
On some than others better talents fall,
To be exerted for the good of all,

And the abuse of any talent given,
Is man's own fault, and an offense to heaven.
The poet's art howe'er it's worth we scan,
Is, like all other gifts of God to man,
For good design'd, though often badly used,
Yet not condemn'd because it is abused,
For He who gave sweet music to the birds
Gave to mankind a harmony of words,
Whereby our thoughts in even numbers roll,
From the affections of the human soul:
And in a more impressive style impart
The writer's feelings to the reader's heart;
And when the mind is ruled by virtue's laws,
Poetic talents may promote her cause.
Although a poet may have pow'r to charm,
And if immoral may be cause of harm,
Do we suppose that Byron and poor Burns,
Were worse for having such poetic turns?
Resplendent talents in each soul combined,
Displayed the genius of a powerful mind,
And yet almost one half each author wrote
Deserves our censure more than public note;
And with the trashy works of Walter Scott,
Should be expunged and by the world forgot;
Their foolish novels, blackguard songs, and plays,
Possess no merit and deserve no praise,
And yet for this should we their genius blame?
On its perversion rests the sin and shame;

And on the customs and prevailing taste,
Which thus influenced them their time to waste,
For each, when writing his own thoughts, confess'd
The way of virtue and the truth the best.
Although some poets chant in martial lays,
The victor's honors and the hero's praise,
Though bacchanalians sing in dogg'rel rhyme,
And bards themselves have fallen into crime,
The muses in their native state abhor
Intemp'rance, slavery, cruelty and war,
And e'en through darkness oft so brightly shine,
That we confess their origin divine.
In all my reading I have never read,
Of any poet who for slavery plead,
And of the worst in folly's path who trod,
I know of none who said, "There is no God."
Those latent virtues with the muses join'd,
Still brought a Deity before the mind,
And from a native tenderness of heart,
Of which they all appear'd to have a part,
The wildest bards their sober thoughts to tell,
Placed deeds of carnage with the works of hell.
We find the worst lamenting their own state,
And some repenting when it seem'd to late,
But still confessing the main truths which bind,
The diff'rent christian sects among mankind;
The common proneness of the world to sin,

Caused them like others to be taken in,
And o'er their faults should cast as broad a veil,
As thousands claim who in their duty fail.
Good men in these as well as other days,
Have told their feelings in poetic lays,
And with devotion kindled from above,
Portray'd the wonders of redeeming love;
And yet some think, "to write in verse is wrong,
"Because it may be turn'd into a song,"
And thus condemn all measured verse and rhyme,
From "Homer's work's' to "Pollock's Course of Time."
To cure such persons of these foolish qualms,
Let them but ask the author of the psalms,
Why he presumed in such poetic lays,
To sing his troubles and his Maker's praise,
And let him once for their instruction tell,
That heav'n inspired his songs for Israel.
With a small want of accent, and the chime,
Which constitute our common verse and rhyme,
"The book of Job," almost throughout, contains
A sweet succession of poetic strains;
While in Isaiah's writings we admire
The emanations of poetic fire,
And Jeremiah's Lamentations flow,
In plaintive numbers through the notes of woe.
These ancient writers with their feelings raised
To a poetic pitch their Maker praised,

Or on Him for His saving mercy call,
And His regard for Zion's broken wall,
And when their harps were "on the willows hung,"
"The songs of Zion" were no longer sung;
Until at length in Nehemiah's days,
"The sons of Asaph" did their voices raise,
And sang again on Zion's sacred hill,
The emanations of poetic skill.
And may we not those modern works admire,
Which blend true virtue with poetic fire—
Of Milton, Cowper, Parnell, Gray, and Young,
And many more who once in England sung?
What prose or preaching in the present day,
Is better than the Elegy of Gray?
But these great poets of exalted sense,
From me ask nothing in this weak defense,
Their noble art shall flourish and prevail,
When bigots in their opposition fail;
When bacchanals and slavery shall be o'er,
And nations learn the art of war no more.

REFLECTIONS

ON SEEING THE SOLITARY GRAVE OF A CHILD, AT THE SIDE OF A FIELD ADJOINING MY FARM.

Thou little solitary grave!
Of one that lived and died,
Whose death to parents sorrow gave,
And children's feelings tried.

Why is thy little tenant left,
Within it's lonely bed,
Of all the tender care bereft,
Which still is due the dead.

That have relations living near,
Who once for them could care,
A brother or a sister dear,
Though small, lies buried there.

O yes! to some it once was dear,
When in it's early bloom,
But now no relative comes near,
To weep upon it's tomb.

Some twenty years have pass'd away,
Perhaps it may be more,
Since it's poor little lifeless clay,
In earth was cover'd o'er.

Ten years ago, some rotten rails
Were round its humble grave,
But now this slight protection fails,
From injury to save.

No rising mound of earth is seen,
It's resting place to show,
But grass and weeds, each season, green
Above it's body grow.

But for one stone yet standing there,
Which I have oft survey'd,
No one could tell correctly where
The smiling child was laid.

For once it smiled and toddled round,
And was by friends caress'd,
Now low and cold beneath the ground,
The clods lie on it's breast.

Some beechen trees upon one side
Their spreading branches wave,
And the tall oak, the forest's pride,
Is nodding o'er it's grave.

But earthly things are prone to change,
And all our eyes survey,
Or over which our thoughts may range,
Is doom'd to pass away.

The earth may run her annual round,
And every spring restore,
The rich productions of the ground,
'Till time shall be no more.

Yet man is wretched from his birth,
His flesh but as the grass,
While millions molder in the earth,
Rude plows o'er thousands pass.

And e'en the loved ones I have lost,
Among the silent dead,
May have their graves by plowshares cross'd,
While horses o'er them tread.

Why not o'er them, as well as one
Who long for truth was brave?
The ruthless plowshare has been run
O'er Warner Mifflin's grave!

No one alive can find the spot
Where this good man was laid;
Yet he will never be forgot,
For what his life display'd.

But where are all the mighty now,
And all that beauty gave?
To death, they all were doom'd to bow,
And molder in the grave.

This little child was happier far,
Than thousands of the great,
Who pass'd through scenes of "glorious war,"
And were entomb'd in state.

The celebrated Spartan Queen,
Who caused the fall of Troy,
With all her charms, no more is seen
Proud armies to employ.

The beautiful Cleopatra,
Who set the world in arms, *
Fell to her pride and grief a prey,
With all her pleasing charms.

Octavius Cæsar overcame
The chief that she adored,
And he, to hide his future shame,
Had fallen on his sword.

And while a shower of tears she shed
Upon her lover's tomb,
She meditated the dark deed
That seal'd her hapless doom.

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* Rome, about this time, had become mistress of the world and Octavius, afterward called Augustus, at the head of the Roman Empire, made war against "Anthony and Cleopatra," and overcame their forces at the battle of Actium.

"Oh! Anthony, my dearest lord!"
She sigh'd in deep despair,
While o'er his lifeless clay, each word
Was lost in empty air.

"I was a queen, and wore no chains,
But by the scepter graced,
When in this tomb, with costly pains,
Thy honor'd corse I placed.

"But now the fates my body doom
To grace proud Cæsar's train,
Then hide me here within thy tomb,
And let his hope be vain."

Then put an asp upon her arm,
Which caused her soon to die;
Who once could kings and heroes charm,
With her bright, shining eye.

And Mary, Queen of Scots, is gone;
Whose beauteous form and face,
Unrival'd in all Europe shone,
For majesty and grace.

With all her beauty she must die
And meet a hapless death;
She lost her head to satisfy
The proud Elizabeth.

And the old jealous maiden queen,
Who cut off Mary's head,
At death, in wretchedness was seen,
And full of future dread.

The hapless Mary met her fate
Apparently resign'd,
While one esteem'd more wise and great
Betray'd a troubled mind.

And what is Alexander now
Who once o'er earth could rave,
And made the bleeding nations bow?
Dust! in the drunkard's grave.

The great Napoleon fill'd with dread
All Europe for awhile;
But now among the vulgar dead
Lies on a barren isle.

Beat by the dark Atlantic's flood
Far from his native shore;
Who deeply drench'd in human blood,
Each land he travel'd o'er.

No man more swiftly rose to power
In every human view,
But his vain glory in an hour
Came down at Waterloo.

Where now are all the monuments
Erected in old times?
Sunk in the dust, with their contents
All stain'd with blood and crimes.

Though yet some moldering pyramid
May strike the trav'ler's eye
The kings and queens in darkness hid
All undistinguish'd lie.

How many a costly urn and bust
That men could once admire,
Was lost forever in the dust
Of Babylon and Tyre,

Of Carthage, Ninevah, and all
The famous towns of yore,
Whose wickedness produced their fall
To rise again no more!

And in a few short fleeting days
How lifeless and how cold
Will be each lovely form and face
We now in life behold!

But I grow sick with such a theme,
And will no further go.
The life of man is like a dream,
This world a place of woe.

1845.

TO JEMIMA BALLARD,

ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, JONATHAN BALLARD, OF PARKE COUNTY, IA.

Dear sister, I cannot express
The feelings of my heart,
For one thus left in deep distress,
And lonely as thou art.

How we, like all of mortal birth,
To disappointment doom'd,
Have seen our fondest hopes on earth,
Among the dead entomb'd.

Thy husband, and my brother dear,
Whom we had hoped to see
This fall upon a visit here,
In company with thee,

Was call'd to join the silent dead,
So distant from his home,
That we could not be there to shed
Our tears around his tomb.

But though so far away he died,
From his afflicted spouse,
And many relatives beside,
'T was at his brother's house,*

* At the house of William Ballard, in Randolph county, Ia.

Where care on him was still bestow'd,
To give his body ease,
And with his soul resign'd to God,
He left the world in peace.

Then let us fancy how much worse
Might be the cross we bear,
And words would fail, in prose or verse,
The diff'rence to declare.

It would have given us more pain,
And harder been for thee,
If he had been in battle slain,
Or lost upon the sea;

Where burial would have been in vain,
But in a common grave,
Without a coffin, on the plain,
Or in the briny wave.

Or if he had a convict died,
As many husbands have,
Or had committed suicide,
Or found a drunkard's grave.

A lonely widow then might mourn,
And have such cause of care,
As scarcely could be firmly borne
By strangers to despair.

But when the present case we scan,
With an impartial eye,
We grieve but for a pious man
Who died as others die.

And though we from affliction's cup
May often have our fill,
There still is peace in giving up
Our hearts to God's pure will.

Then may it be our happy lot
To find the rest we crave,
When earthly cares shall be forgot,
Beyond the silent grave.

1845.

TO THE MEMORY OF ELIAS FISHER,

DECEASED 22ND OF THE TWELFTH MONTH, 1845.

Our worthy friend Fisher, once active and strong,
And whose late affliction continued so long,
Is gone to his rest, at the age of fourscore,
And the place which has known him shall know him no more.

He long had been one who devoted his mind
To the best of all causes, the good of mankind;
His talents though humble, at home and abroad,
Were occupied chiefly for the honor of God.

His widow, his friends, and his neighbors have shared
In a loss, by his death, which cannot be repair'd;
But bless'd are the dead, who have died in the Lord,
They rest from their labors and have their reward.

THE FALLS OF RATTLESNAKE,*

AND THE SURROUNDING SCENERY.

I LATELY told my readers all,
That I had never seen
A cavern or a waterfall,
Or near the ocean been.

But I have since been at "the Falls,"
And on "the sounding shore"
Survey'd the black, stupendous walls,
And heard the waters roar.

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* In Highland county.

They fell in a broad, whiten'd sheet,
And made a thund'ring sound,
While rocks above me, fifty feet,
Hung o'er the deep profound.

The scenery all is quite sublime,
Along those lofty banks,
Where Nature, since the birth of time,
Has been at her wild pranks.

With trees and shrubs of evergreen,
The cliffs are overhung,
And on a more imposing scene,
My muse has never sung.

Some cedars stand those cliffs among,
Whose age, from what appears,
If any tree could live so long,
Is half a thousand years.

A feeling rose within my breast,
As on these things I mused,
Which cannot be in words express'd,
My thoughts were so confused.

Yet I will give a partial sketch,
To show how mix'd they were,
On all that lay in Fancy's reach,
In ocean, earth, and air.

I thought of what I then could see —
Why had I seen no more!
And what a pleasure it would be
To hear Niagara roar.

What splendid cedars must have stood
Of yore, upon the sod
Where Solomon procured the wood,
To build the house of God.

And 't was from the same cedar ridge,
The Grecian soldiers bore
The timber for a two mile bridge,
That reach'd the Tyrean shore.

Where Alexander cross'd and made
A ruin of the town;
Which, for it's riches, dyes, and trade,
Was long of high renown.

I thought of Alexander's fate —
The conqueror dying drunk —
And of Napoleon's sad estate,
When deep in ruin sunk;

A friendless exile on the shore
Of St. Helena's isle,
Who but a little while before
Lived in such princely style.

And hence, I thought how vain and frail
Are all the works of man,
Compared with those that never fail
Upon Jehovah's plan.

Then what a glorious theme of thought
Is that Eternal Power
Which first into existence brought
The rocks that o'er me tower;

Which, though with years grown old and grey,
May yet for ages stand,
And through all time the work display
Of an Almighty hand.

And if the rocky hills I see
Afford me such delight,
What must the gazer's wonder be
On Chimborazo's hight?

To look from Etna's tallest cliff
Through her volcanic caves,
Or from the peak of Teneriffe
To view the rolling waves

Far on the ocean's broad expanse;
And hear the solemn roar,
As they with fury still advance
And dash against the shore.

And what I saw reminded me
Of my old native home,
And of my days of childish glee
About my father's dome.

The pines and cedars which adorn
The Carolina hills;
The cliffs around where I was born,
And all the pleasant rills,

That flow'd from fountains pure and cool,
Beneath the rocks and fern;
And of the scenery round the school
Where I began to learn.

I left that state when but a boy,
Near forty years before;
Such a resemblance here I saw,
Of my old native shore.

And thus I mused among the rocks,
And clamber'd up the steep
From whence a thousand massy blocks
Had tumbled in the deep.

Romantic, dark, and craggy peaks,
Arose on either side,
Where all the game the hunter seeks
Could once in safety hide.

The catamount and panther then,
Could here their young ones rear: —
Time was when even savage men
Did not molest them there.

But where enlighten'd man has smiled,
The beasts have fled away,
That once through all this region, wild,
Could rove by night or day.

And the red men who once could roam
These hills and valleys o'er,
Are dead, or gone to a new home,
On some far western shore.

A little town is rising near
This still romantic ground,
And Cherry's mills, whose clack we hear,
Dispense their blessings round.

So much for nature and for art,
Despite my simple lays,
For both have acted here their part,
And merited some praise.

The stream is not Niagara,
And yet it has a fall,
And all who chance to pass that way
Should give the place a call.

1846.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND PRAYER

OF AN OHIO FARMER, WHEN CONTRASTING THE PLENT WITH WHICH WE ARE BLESSED IN THIS COUNTR WITH THE SCARCITY THAT PREVAILS IN IRELAN AND AMONG THE POOR AND OPPRESSED OF ALL NATION

We thank Thee, oh Lord! for the plenty before us,
And for the good health we at present enjoy,
And though we are sinners, to favor restore us,
That themes of thy glory our tongues may employ.

While we live in plenty and luxury here,
What thousands of others in poverty pine,
Subsisting on less than we cast every year,
From o'erflowing tables to the dogs and the swine.

Instead of exulting in what we can sell
To famishing millions in nations abroad,
In deeper humility and fear we should dwell,
And ever acknowledge Thy goodness, oh God!

Thou stand'st on the base of the broad universe,
And this mighty creation is held in Thy span;
Thine eye through immens'ty and darkness can pierce
Yet looks with compassion on thy creature, man.

Then let us acknowledge in humiliation,
The multiplied blessings received from above,
Embracing the plan of eternal salvation,
A glorious emanation of infinite love.

Though man is so wretched and frail from his birth,
Whatever thou sendest, for good is design'd,
And all of the evil existing on earth,
Originates, mainly, in the fault of mankind.

If we are afflicted in thy holy will,
It is but to answer some righteous design,
And when overtaken by casual ill,
Enable us to bear it and never repine.

And for all the needy, we pray Thee, oh Lord!
Where innocent children are suff'ring for bread,
To them, in Thy goodness, such comforts afford,
As in this rich country upon us are shed.

The earth has upon it a sufficiency quite
To give all the comfort which Thou hast design'd,
Then teach the affluent to act in Thy sight,
As each one should do to the rest of his kind.

And further, we pray Thee, oh God of all grace!
Whose hatred of oppression has often been shown,
To hasten the freedom of th' African race,
And all who in bondage under tyranny groan.

All races of men have been made of one blood,
Some white, and some color'd, as seem'd best to Thee,
And by thy influence upon them for good,
Let fetters be broken and the captives go free.

Let peace fill the nations and wars be no more,
And temperance her banner in every place raise,
And all be united, Thy name to adore,
Eternally worthy of honor and praise.

1846.

TO NEW HAMPSHIRE,

ON HEARING THAT THE PRO-SLAVERY PARTY WAS DEFEATED AT THE LATE ELECTION IN THAT STATE.

Well done! thou gallant little state!
Among the granite hills;
The spirit thou hast shown of late,
Our hearts with pleasure fills.

That thou shouldst thus an effort make,
To stand on better ground,
And bravely through the shackles break,
Which had the parties bound,

Is to the honor of thy name,
While in the northern states,
It makes doughfaces blush for shame,
And each true heart elates.

Though false democracy long reign'd,
And thought herself so strong,
While to the car of slavery chain'd,
She dragg'd thee still along.

Thou hast arisen from the mire
That smears the servile crew,
Who go where slavery may require,
And all her bidding do.

Thy Athertons are now put down,
The paltry southern tools,
Who, while they sought to win renown,
Reap'd the reward of fools.

Let them before the spirit quail,
Which in the land may reign,
While Cilley, and the gallant Hale,
Thy honor shall maintain.

And may the laurels thou hast won,
With time still brighter grow,
While in each state the work begun,
May briskly forward go.

Firm as the rocks of thy own hills,
May thy free people stand,
'Till slavery and it's countless ills,
Shall cease throughout the land.

1846.

ON HEARING THE ROARING OF THE CANNONS,

AT A PUBLIC REJOICING IN WARREN COUNTY, OHIO, FOR VICTORIES OBTAINED OVER THE MEXICANS.

The cannons are thund'ring at the news from afar,
While the cries are unheard of the victims of war,
Our soldiers are plundering the Mexican shore,
And staining their garments with innocent gore.
The bidding of slavery must always be done,
And her faithful allies into warfare have run,
And thousands must pour out their blood on the plain,
That she may yet wider extend her domain.
Though other excuses are stated by Polk,
They make for blood guiltiness a pitiful cloak;
Should we for the money a nation may owe,
Plunge thousands of widows and orphans in woe,
Or for the offenses that Mexico gave,
Let loose horrid war to feed hell and the grave?

The president's motives and action were base,
And congress but sanction'd a deed of disgrace;
The very offenses of which we complain,
Were caused by the action our rulers maintain;
The scheme was concocted in an ill-fated hour,
That made Texas over to the slave-holding power,
And then Taylor's army was sent on pretense,
Of standing prepared for the country's defense;
But more for the purpose, it seems, to provoke
The Mexicans to furnish a pretext for Polk
To plunder their country and make out a claim,
To ample indemnity for doing the same;
And Mexican soldiers have taken the field,
Their homes and their altars from plunder to shield,
And innocent women from ruffians to save,
Who basely dishonor the title of "brave" —
The fathers are murder'd, defending their farms,
And mothers are flying with babes in their arms.
And while desolation around them is spread,
And widows and orphans lament for the dead,
And while yet the wounded are writhing with pain,
And dogs may be tearing the flesh of the slain,
We fall to rejoicing in true savage glee,
For what none but demons with pleasure could see,
While in the chief journals our children peruse,
Long columns are headed with "Glorious News,"
And whigs yoked with democrats push on the car,
Fraught with the dire curses of an infamous war.

While southern slave holders are praying their God,
To give them a little more Mexican sod,
Some christian professors are leaving this state,
To fight for a thing they pretended to hate;
But how can such hypocrites pray for success,
Or hope the Almighty their efforts to bless.

I blush for thy honor, my dear native land!
That thus it is tarnish'd by the same ruthless hand,
That keeps with the cowhide it's subjects in awe,
And to other nations would give the same law.
The Florida war we have not yet forgot,
And this brings upon thee another foul blot,
And naught but repentance can ever efface
From off thy escutcheon the deepest disgrace,
Or from thee avert the just judgments of God,
In the day when he makes "inquisition for blood."

I love thee, my country! but not for the wrong,
That crushes the weak by the power of the strong,
And the worst in my heart I am wishing for thee,
Is that I may see thee yet happy and free;
Not boasting of freedom while slavery remains,
But free from a curse that holds millions in chains;
That cannons in warfare no longer may roar,
And peace reign forever on my native shore.

1846.

COMPLAINT TO DOCTOR BAILEY.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF KATE CLEVELAND?

KATE CLEVELAND shone for a short time
In an exalted sphere;
But must have left our chilly clime,
The autumn of last year.

How, of her radiant course, the sheen
Was like the meteor's glare:
A while in dazzling splendor seen,
But soon dissolved in air.

In the Queen City of the west,
Where many sang her praise,
Her first effusion shone, the best,
The rest with dimmer rays.

But how or whence she came or went,
No one appears to know,
Or who it was that thus gave vent,
To love's melodious woe.

A love-lorn dame she must have been,
Who travel'd from the east,
In search of some bright western scene,
That might her fancy feast.

And such a genius where it flies
Must dazzle as it goes;
Reflected from the southern skies,
Or from the northern snows.

Perhaps she may be dead, and laid
Where none can know her grave;
Or if alive, where has she stray'd?
To know it, how I crave!

Yet after all, I do not care,
As much as some may think;
I had a little time to spare,
With paper, pen, and ink;

And thought I might exhibit thus,
The fickle mind of man,
So prone to make a useless fuss,
When unknown works we scan.

But when we find the author out,
How soon the wonder ends;
"She never shone at ball or rout,
And has no wealthy friends."

If Kate had been well known in town,
And lived there all her days,
No writer would have set her down,
As worthy of much praise.

And some of the same rhyming clerks,
That have extoll'd her so,
Might have been carping at her works,
And laughing at her woe.

For my own pen I never claim'd,
Nor for applause could seek;
But scribbled 'till I got ashamed,
And from experience speak.

I wrote a poem, which was sent,
(Some friend must bear the blame)
And at your office put in print,
Without a date or name.

Your patrons here admired the same,
And thought it half divine;
But, oh! how soon it lost it's fame,
When they found out 't was mine.

Another in the "Western Star,"
My own initials bore;
But it was thought too good and rare,
To come from such a store.

One person ask'd me if 't was mine,
And I the truth must tell;
He said, "some thought it was not thine,
Because 't was done so well.

So Kate had better live unknown,
And let her works be praised,
If o'er her dust no letter'd stone,
Be to her memory raised.

1846.

THE IRISHMAN'S RESOLVE.

The following simple tale was suggested by the reading of an account, from Ireland, that great suffering prevailed among the poorer classes, in consequence of a disease among the potatoes; but that Father Matthew was still administering the pledge, and many were bettering their condition by receiving it.

'T was on a cold night, as a poor Irish wight,
Whose use of strong drink had been free,
Sat in his low shed, o'er a morsel of bread,
With a dear little child on his knee.

While two or three more sat on the dirt floor,
And their mother lay sick on the cot,
That thus the poor man, in deep sorrow began
To lament his disconsolate lot:

"An' what shall we do, for the meal is gone through
I got when I wove the last paice,
An' now to be vex'd, about gettin' the next,
I'm a thinkin' 's a mighty bad case.

"The potatoes have got what the folks call the rot,
An' bread stuff is comin' so high,
That it 's no use to beg, an' I rather wud deg,
But fear my poor childer must die.

"I was brought up a waiver, an' none have been braver,
At keepin' the loom in a clack,
'Till in evil days, bad luck, an' bad ways,
Have brought me aflat o' my back.

"When I could get work, I've not been a shurk,
But now there 's no gettin' ahead;
An' my heart how it tries, when this little one cries,
And all of us suffer for bread.

"I can't get away, or in America,
Would try a new part of the earth;
But know I should grieve, if ever I leave
Dear Ireland, the land of my birth.

"An' when I'm a thinkin', about quittin' drinkin,'
I only get into it farther,
An' each botheration, increases temptation,
An' jist makes the quittin' go harder.

"But good luck upon me, I 'm now out of money,
An' dealers won't trust me for liquor,
An' since I can't get it, I jist better quet it,
So now for the pledge, an' I 'll sign it the quicker.

"And then, my dear Mary, I wish you 'd be chary,
Nor longer about us be grievin',
For good people yet may help us to get
Some things that will make out a livin'."

And on the next morning, a smile was adorning
The face of his true-hearted wife;
His word he could seal, with potatoes and meal,
That the pledge he had taken, for life.

He now could draw rations, from certain donations
In favor of poor men that sign'd,
To assist them until their own labor and skill
The means of subsistence should find.

1846.

A VIEW OF THE SUBLIME IN NATURE,

CALCULATED TO EXALT OUR IDEAS OF THE WISDOM, GOODNESS, AND POWER OF THE CREATOR.

Written on returning from a cave, and a view of the scenery on "the Rocky Fork of Paint," in Highland county.

"The invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; even his eternal power and Godhead."—Romans chap. 1, verse 20.

I AND my wife have just got through,
A short, delightful tour;
Wherein some friendly interview,
Beguiled each passing hour.

We witness'd many a pleasing scene,
But I can only write
Such thoughts as chance to intervene,
In a discursive flight.

I would describe the cave we saw,
But words in vain would be,
An outline of the scene to draw,
As it appear'd to me.

And therefore I shall do no more,
Than bid my readers go,
And for themselves the cave explore,
And see a splendid show.

We pass'd into the seventh room,
And view'd the white-wash'd walls,
Where nature, silent as the tomb,
Dwells in her garnish'd halls.

Where, though no ray of sunshine gleams,
To aid our mortal sight,
She basks in the eternal beams,
Of heaven's primeval light.

Then go, my friends, and have a view,
Among those cliffs sublime;
It will but take a day or two,
And not be mis-spent time.

Some think that nothing is of use,
Except what fills the purse,
And that of time 't is an abuse,
With nature to converse.

But I care not how men may talk,
Who feel no charm divine,
Beyond the pleasures of a walk.
Among the corn and swine.

Or what from sordid feeling springs,
In view of plenty given,
Of cash and other earthly things,
Which constitute their heav'n.

A human soul that has no taste,
For pleasures more refined,
Exhibits but a moral waste —
A desert of the mind.

And though some notions I possess,
Which others may condemn,
Yet industry I love no less
Than any one of them.

And I esteem as much as they,
Each blessing on the sod,
Yet wish more widely to survey
The wondrous works of God.

The cavern and the waterfall,
'Mid scenes sublime and grand,
Which we "the works of nature" call,
Were made at his command.

Whose power is seen in all the forms
Which life and beauty wear,
And in the lightning, clouds, and storms,
And fiery meteor's glare.

Religion never can discard
What may improve the mind;
And things which many disregard,
Were for this end design'd.

Whatever may in human hearts,
True, mental pleasure raise,
To man a clearer view imparts
Of the Almighty's ways.

And hence I love, when I have time,
Among the cliffs to stray,
And have a view of the sublime,
Which nature's works display.

As recently a few miles east,
Beneath the sun's bright beams,
My fancy had a splendid feast
Among the rocks and streams.

I never heard the ocean roar,
And yet should like to be
A while upon some craggy shore,
To view the rolling sea.

But since this view I cannot gain,
I shall no murmur raise,
And on the same alluvial plain,
Expect to end my days.

I still have toil'd for needful food,
A farmer in the field,
And yet I love the solitude
Which the deep woods can yield.

I love to stand upon the shore,
And view the sweeping tide,
And hear the dashing waters roar,
When all is still beside.

I love to see the rippling spring
Meander through the glade:
I love to hear the birds that sing
In the thick woodland shade.

I love to see the flowers in bloom,
The blossoms on the trees:
I love the sweet and rich perfume
With which they scent the breeze.

I love to see the stars at night,
In fields of ether blue,
Where worlds on worlds all shining bright,
Their stated rounds pursue.

The glorious sun still deigns to shine
Upon them as they roll;
An emblem of the Source Divine,
Of light to every soul.

And thus, from earth, where mortals plod
And toil beneath the curse,
My thoughts are raised to Nature's God,
Who rules the universe;

Who first the earth from chaos brought,
To her appointed place;
And since, for man, such wonders wrought,
Of mercy, love, and grace.

The further through creation wide,
The works of God we scan,
The more we find to humble pride
And arrogance in man.

And what instruction still is lost,
By all the grov'ling train,
Who follow mammon at the cost
Of all but paltry gain.

And by the thousands who must toil
To pamper lordly pride,
While their own share upon the soil
Is by the rich denied.

If we go on the richest land,
Where blessings most abound,
There mammon's altar's thickest stand,
And sordid souls are found.

But go to yonder mountains blue,
The lofty spires of stone,
From Nature's temples point us to
The Lord Almighty's throne.

As well, in mental vision, seen
Through rocks, from cliffs, and caves,
As through the sky, whose starry sheen
Illumes the ocean's waves.

In many works of human art,
The devil claims a share;
But in creation has no part,
For God himself is there.

And Nature working to his hand,
In ocean, earth, and sky;
Which from the simple to the grand,
Reveal the Power on high.

And how appropriate the term,
"The everlasting hills,"
To ancient piles yet standing firm,
Upon their rocky sills,

Which have been figurative made,
Of the "Foundation sure,
The corner stone in Zion laid,"
And all that can endure.

And hence, what ideas sublime,
Associate with rocks
Which have maintain'd their place through time,
Amid convulsive shocks.

Defying winds, earthquakes, and waves,
And unimpair'd by rust,
While ages fill'd successive graves,
And cities sunk in dust.

And while on some stupendous crag,
Where naught but moss can grow,
Imagination seems to lag,
We cast a look below.

These are thy mighty works, O God!
Enraptured, we exclaim,
On barren cliffs and the rich sod,
Thy wonders are the same.

But there immersed in sweat and toil,
How dimly we could see
That every blessing on the soil,
Should draw our hearts to Thee.

And while in luxury we pass'd
Our precious time away,
We thought too little on the last
And awful judgment day.

But here abstracted from the cares
That stupify the soul,
We offer Thee our humble prayers,
And yield to Thy control.

Forgive us, gracious God! for our
Forgetfulness of Thee;
And help us, through Thy saving power,
From sin and death to flee.

Inspire us, from these views sublime,
Thy goodness to adore,
Of honor worthy, through all time,
And praise forever more.

1846.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS IN EUROPE.

AN EXILE FROM HIS NATIVE LAND; BECAUSE A MAN WHO QUIETLY WALKS OUT OF SLAVERY, WITHOUT HIS MASTER'S CONSENT, CANNOT BE SAFE IN THIS BOASTED "LAND OF THE FREE."

THOUGH Douglass escaped from the slave prison house,
He soon ascertain'd that his ruin was plann'd.
And forced from his country, his children, and spouse,
Became an exile in a far-distant land.

He first was found guilty of a dark-color'd skin,
And by his white brothers was doom'd as their prey;
But longing for freedom, committed the sin,
Of breaking his shackles and running away.

He came to a state that was said to be free,
And married a young and affectionate wife,
And hoped, in his freedom, such comforts to see,
As soften the troubles and cares of this life.

An eloquent speaker, his words sent a thrill
To th' hearts of his hearers, while themes he discuss'd
Of brutal outrages at the slave holder's will,
Inflicted on victims of rapine and lust.

The slave hunters heard of his place of abode,
And vowing their vengeance upon the poor man,
Resolved to restore him his soul-crushing load,
And for this vile purpose were forming their plan.

But now the same spirit which led him at first
To cast from his body the slave holder's chain,
Sent him from a land by oppression long cursed,
To seek human freedom beyond the broad main.

And though in his bosom he yet feels the stings
That pierced his brave heart at his own native place,
He now enjoys freedom, where princes and kings
Acknowledge the rights of the African race.

Though honor'd in Europe, and treated as well
As any white person, yet far from his home,
And without a cottage wherein he may dwell,
He but as a stranger in exile must roam.

The scenes of his childhood were only of ill,
But those of his manhood saw freedom's first dawn,
And it must his bosom with sorrow now fill,
To think they forever are from him withdrawn.

His wife and his children are not held as slaves,
Yet knowing they cannot from danger be free,
What must be his feelings beyond the dark waves,
That sweep o'er the face of the deep, rolling sea!

But they will go to him as soon as they can,
And may they in safety the ocean pass o'er,
To gladden the spirit of a noble-soul'd man,
By slavery now banish'd from his own native shore.

1846.

THE WONDERS OF THE PRESENT AGE.

I HAVE been tempted much, of late,
To write at least a page,
Upon some works of recent date,
The wonders of the age.

We in an age of wonders live,
Wherein the skill of man,
Seems an impulsion to receive
To do what mortal can.

Since skill and science have combined
To foster enterprise,
Some great improvements, thus design'd,
Have come before our eyes.

The truckles, drags, and sleds, once drawn
By oxen through the mud,
Are out of use, forgot, and gone,
Like things before the flood.

Steam ships ride on the stormy main,
Steam boats on rivers ply,
And locomotives o'er the plain,
With equal swiftness fly.

I daily hear the humming sound,
And ringing of the cars,
Which pass six miles from my own ground,
On trails of iron bars.

Their varied noises often seem,
The hum and louder roar,
Like that of some wild, dashing stream,
Upon its craggy shore.

Or like the sound, at distance heard,
Among the leafless trees,
When they by wintry blasts are stirr'd,
And shudder in the breeze.

The locomotive proudly sails
Along Miami's shore;
And often o'er the hills and dales
We hear his whistle roar.

The steam, let through a copper horn,
Produces a shrill sound,
Which on the gentle breezes borne,
Is heard for miles around.

We sometimes hear it at our house,
Resound in upper air;
The object is, the hogs and cows,
From off the track to scare.

Yet many a cow is doom'd to feel
The locomotive's weight,
And hogs have scarcely time to squeal,
Before it is too late.

And yet no farmer loses more
Than balances his gain,
Since higher prices than before
Are paid for pork and grain.

From Cincinnati to the lake
The road will soon be done,
And forty minutes it will take,
Each fifteen miles to run.

And forty cents for these fifteen
The passenger must pay,
And have a pleasant ride between
The depots on the way.

I now will try my rustic muse
On the magnetic wires,
That Morse contrived to carry news
Wherever man desires.

The word is sent as quick as thought,
Or as the lightning's speed;
What bank is broke, what rogue is caught,
What swindlers still succeed;

What officer, by Polk, turn'd out,
What loafer took his place,
And all that congress is about,
The nation to disgrace;

That we have gone beyond our bounds,
To please the Texas knaves,
And now want Cuba, with her hounds,
To guard our gangs of slaves.

Thus men dispatch what they may think,
Or what the news may be;
The pen, a pointed wire,—the ink
Is electricity.

Though news of outrage and abuse,
May be the chief convey'd,
The telegraph is of great use
To men engaged in trade.

And electricity, of late,
A potent aid is found,
Of all the things that vegetate
In the prolific ground.

Some roots mature in half the time
The common mode requires,
And every thing is soon in prime,
From the galvanic wires.

And we from hence a proof obtain,
That heaven's own lightning yields,
As well as sunshine and the rain,
A blessing on our fields.

Another wonder I must name,
Which lately came to pass,
For making salt, the needful flame
Is now kept up with gas,

That rises with the water, still,
As if by heaven ordain'd,
The very purpose to fulfill,
By this discovery gain'd.

A solemn feeling, mix'd with joy,
May well pervade the mind,
While we admire how men employ
The means for good design'd.

God made the means, man found them out,
Of the improvements vast,
Wherein the present age, no doubt,
Excels most ages past.

In mills and factories, in all parts,
What changes have been made!
What grand improvements in the arts,
And implements of trade!

With patent things of every kind,
Our shops and markets teem,
From books and letters for the blind,
To chickens hatch'd by steam.

And we have colleges and schools,
Which number hundreds more,
And flourish under better rules,
Than ever known before.

Asylums where the deaf and blind
Are taught to read and write,
Through darkness pour upon the mind
A flood of mental light.

Which shows a march of intellect,
From whence invention springs,
And all that mortal could expect,
To his possession brings.

But luxury, that bane of life,
Is making sad inroads
Among mankind; while party strife
Some men to madness goads.

While speculation of all kinds,
The sole influence seems,
The vagaries of many minds,
But end in blasted schemes.

We at the present time have more
Than half a score of isms,
To all mankind unknown before,
This fruitful age of schisms.

But which is wrong or nearest right,
I have not time to show;
A few may bear the test of light,
The rest for humbug go.

The isms of the Mormon sham,
And the communitist,
Of Miller, Mesmer, and Graham,
Are on the humbug list.

The greatest wonder that appears,
Out of these things to rise,
Is that some men of sense and years,
Become the dupes of lies.

There yet remains a thing or two,
That I am bound to name,
And do it with an honest view
To hold them up to shame.

While fashion still has sought to find,
Expedients to efface
All beauty from the human mind,
And every sense of grace,

The devil has been mixing things,
Among the works of man;
Invented corset boards* and strings,
And bustles — stuff'd with bran,

To give "the ladies" such ill shapes,
As none but fools approve;
Such belles may please some dandy apes,
But gain no wise man's love.

It is a wonder, then, that such
Pernicious things are used;
Whereby God's workmanship so much
Is, in this age, abused.

Such things can never be of use,
Except to punish pride;
And rid the world of such as choose
This plan of suicide.

Thus, many wonders have been done,
Beneath this western sky;
And a "perpetual motion" none
But fools will ever try.

1847.

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* Bronson, the celebrated professor of elocution, in his remarks upon the subject of tight lacing, uses the term "cursed boards," instead of the words which I have used.

TO DR. F. WILLIAMSON,

ON HIS ANALYSIS OF THE MENTAL AND MORAL CHARACTER OF THE AUTHOR.

I THINK my friend was right in what he said
So far as the defects may be concern'd,
Both in my character and what he read
From the unskillful pen of an unlearn'd
And rustic countryman, who never turn'd
From the old, beaten track, new paths to try;
But while each low and sordid aim he spurn'd,
Still thought Parnassus' hill so steep and high,
That the ascent his efforts must defy.

And yet, I fear, where he bestows some praise,
It is unmerited on works of mine,
Since I have written but in simple lays,
And never entertain'd a hope to shine
Among the favorites of the "Sacred Nine;"
And though some transient longings after fame,
With other youthful follies seem'd to join,
I thought it wiser to assert no claim
That might involve me in defeat and shame.

He thinks the bumps upon my cranium show
That I possess a strong poetic vein,
From whence "the lofty verse" could burst and flow
In a sublime and sympathetic strain;

But here, I doubt, he overrates my brain;
Yet if my readers should believe it true,
Let no such passion in my bosom reign,
As would the follies of my youth renew,
Since my remaining days can be but few.

I long have had a taste for writing rhyme,
But always thought my style so low and dull,
That nothing worthy to be call'd sublime,
Could emanate from such a stupid skull;
Yet oft my head and heart became so full,
An overflowing was the consequence;
And I must give the words a chime, to lull
My mind to rest, and make some recompense
For what the composition lack'd in sense.

For study I could have but little chance,
And did my scribbling mostly after night,
And 'mid my daily cares could not advance,
In the pursuit of intellectual light,
And some declared my "rhyming was not right;
That such vain things would only end in loss,
By leading me the simple truth to slight;"
And others thought I "ought to have a boss,
Because my lines did not run clear across."

My days of sorrow have been many, here,
And from my muse I have some solace found,
And none should envy me, if this could cheer

My steps, while pacing through this weary round,
And still to virtue, truth, and justice bound,
I have endeavor'd to defend the same,
And if my doctrines may be deem'd unsound,
That honesty of purpose still I claim,
Which saves the ignorant from a sense of shame.

In one important thing, if in no more,
I must confess, my friend has hit it well;
I think the battle field, besmear'd with gore,
Displays on earth the foulest work of hell,
And on such themes I do not love to dwell;
Much less would covet the blood-stain'd renown,
By licensed murderers won where thousands fell;
Their deeds of fame to future times go down,
When dark oblivion should their memory drown.

If any mortals are deserving praise,
The benefactors of mankind are those,
Who out of sorrow could the mourner raise,
And while they love their friends would make no foes,
But do their best to lighten human woes;
Yet these impell'd by duty, disregard
The vain and empty praise that fame bestows,
And though their lot on earth is often hard,
Their works of mercy bring a sure reward.

Who would not rather have his name enroll'd
With those of Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Penn,

Than with successful warriors, fierce and bold,
Who but deserve the name of "wicked men,"
Or to be inmates of some horrid den,
From whence the monster hies in quest of blood,
Raves o'er the mangled carcases, and then
Pursues new victims through the sanguine flood,
And at his pleasure to his den may scud.

I class the warrior with those beasts of prey,
That feast upon the flesh of weaker kinds;
Yet man, forsooth! is rather worse than they,
For beasts have none, and men have reasoning minds.
Yet oft the human will a pretext finds,
To aid in some foul work the devil plann'd,
And disregarding every tie that binds
Man to his brother, a blood-thirsty band
Must fight for money or a strip of land.*

Destructiveness must run to an extreme,
That shows great moral darkness of the mind,
If in the aid of any cause or scheme,
It leads to the destruction of mankind;
And were it to its proper use confined,
It could no more the hands of men employ,
Beyond the lives of beasts, for food design'd,
And those mischievous kinds, that might annoy
Our flocks or fields, or human life destroy.

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*The Mexican indemnity, or California, for instance.

Some wars were authorized in ancient times,
When God by outward means his people led,
And some became the scourge of other's crimes,
While pagan darkness through the nations spread;
But such excuses cannot now be plead—
God's house of old king David could not build,
Because much blood had by his hands been shed;
And now if gospel precepts be fulfill'd.
No man can by his fellow man be kill'd.

Dismissing here my theme of war and blood,
The next I hope may not detain me long,
The composition be at least as good,
Though my opinion may in part be wrong,
The subject may perhaps be class'd among,
The things that benefit the good and just,
And yet is that which oft impels the strong,
Who worship mammon and in riches trust,
To crush the weak and sink them in the dust.

"Acquisitiveness" cannot agree with verse,
And our poor scribblers are always behind,
They want the faculty that fills the purse,
But let me ask, before it leaves my mind,
Can great benevolence with it be join'd?
Or is it not, beyond a certain mark,
A thing that makes the human heart unkind?

The miser's soul is ever in the dark,
And of benevolence has not a spark.

But just enough of any thing is best,
  And yet what great extremes we often see,
For all are not alike by nature bless'd, —
  At least, some things she ne'er bestow'd on me,
  That others may possess, — but let it be
As nature's author may for us ordain;
  And from repining let my heart be free,
Through sorrow, sickness, poverty, and pain,
If these may come, and still my mind be sane.

I think "the broad-brim-hat influence" next
  May from my pen a passing notice claim,
And furnish my poor muse with a pretext,
  At least three stanzas of some sort to frame;
  But why shouldst thou the broad brim wearers blame
More than the rest of Adam's fallen race,
  Unless they run into such deeds of shame,
As would on nonprofessors bring disgrace,
And through hypocrisy become more base.

An evil heart may dwell with clothing plain,
  And dress is not a certain test, I know;
Yet, after all the changes of the vain,
  Good sense and decency can never go,
  Nor any real christian dress for show.

I do not like the very broad and flat,
And think the "churn crown" ugly as the low,
But give me just a plain and decent hat,
And christian conduct to accord with that.

I know 't was in good humor on thy part,
That such a subject, first, was briefly named,
And 't is from no ill feeling in my heart,
That such a notice it from me has claim'd,
Of Quaker plainness I am not ashamed,
Nor of the principles which they profess,
And neither by the other should be blamed
If in the sentiments that we express,
We differ on an article of dress.

I know but little of philosophy,
Yet I love nature and admire her laws,
While every thing which through her works I see,
Proclaims the being of a great First Cause,
Whence every creature its existence draws,
And on His bounty for support depends,
Who moves ten thousand worlds, without a noise,
And each from danger in its round defends,
While all upon it toward the center tends.

But since no true philosophy can bring
The christian system into disrepute,
I learn to scan, with caution, every thing
That seems the carnal will of man to suit,

Lest there be some unsoundness at the root,
That may those vital principles destroy,
Which to the pious christian constitute
His comfort here, and hope of future joy,
And in the heavens, the tongues of saints employ.

Those scripture doctrines which have been received
By all professors of the christian name,
Continue worthy to be still believed,
As when they first from their great Author came;
For Christ and his precepts remain the same,
And reason can but boast a borrow'd light
In sacred things, while light divine may claim
To be the guide that leads the soul aright,
Though reason may in outward things be bright.

And if phrenology must aught contain,
That seeks the christian faith to overthrow,
A hope of it's utility is vain,
For scepticism out of it must grow,
And less of good than evil from it flow.
For while some part may be acknowledged true,
If anti-christian doctrines with them go,
A wrong influence greater harm may do,
Than could from ignorance of the whole ensue.

To shun the rock whereon so many split,
O! let me seek the shade of Zion's hill,

That I may there in contemplation sit,
Or of the streams of Shiloh drink my fill,
Which flow in many a soft and gentle rill,
Through the green valleys, spreading far and wide,
Where Christ by his eternal spirit still
Deigns with his true disciples to abide,
To feed his flock and be their constant guide.

With these remarks, I shall my subject leave,
And hope no controversy may arise
Between us, as to what we should receive
And hold for truth, since error often lies
In the best systems reason can devise;
Though reason is a necessary thing,
In all that makes a mortal good and wise,
Yet, unassisted, it can never bring
That peace which must from christian virtue spring.

And in conclusion — though my scroll is long —
At least, some longer than I first design'd,
I have therein intended nothing wrong,
But aim'd with freedom to express my mind,
Which, in this form, quite difficult I find.
And though a rough and hasty sketch I send,
I have no doubt thy feeling will be kind,
And if thou shouldst review what I have penn'd,
Remember it is from thy unlearn'd friend.

1847.

ON SEEING A DISTANT THUNDER CLOUD.

Around, through nature's ample field,
How much I see and hear,
Which still to me can pleasure yield,
While others look with fear.

Upon the awful and sublime,
My mind delights to dwell,
Though often out of tune for rhyme,
In a long, rainy spell.

I love to see a thunder cloud,
When it is moving slow,
Before its dark and misty shroud
Obscures the sun's bright glow.

There is a grandeur in the sight,
When massy piles are seen,
Reflecting different shades of light,
Through skies that show between.

I love to hear the thunder roll,
(The sound can do no harm),
And distant winds have for my soul,
A sad, yet pleasing charm.

And while the streaks of lightning fall,
I stand where I can see,
With little or no fear at all,
That they will injure me.

The voice of God is in the clouds,
He rides upon the storm,
And nature's face in darkness shrouds,
His pleasure to perform.

Which, still, is to promote the good
Of all the human race,
And fill our fertile land with food,
That flows to every place;

For traffic, or where want prevails,
On Europe's distant shores,
And when the food in Ireland fails,
Her people share our stores.

By storms the air is purified,
And vegetation grows,
From electricity applied,
As from the rain that flows.

As light and science still advance,
New things are brought to view,
But ours is not a "world of chance"
And what we see is true.

And if electric wires promote
A rapid growth of things,
From natural lightning, who can doubt,
A greater blessing springs.

And while our admiration grows,
Of the Creator's ways,
The good that from his bounty flows,
Should still promote his praise.

1847.

SKETCH OF A VISIT TO "THE WEST,"

AND INCIDENTAL REFLECTIONS.

We now are safely at our home,
Among our children dear,
Nor wish again so far to roam,
This season of the year.

We saw upon our route some fair
And thriving business towns,
And smiling plenty every where,
The farmers' labor crowns.

Except upon the marshy plains,
The ague-breeding bogs,
Where if great plenty ever reigns,
'T will be of grass and frogs.

Through thunder storms and swollen streams,
And over muddy roads,
We pass'd and pitied the poor teams,
While men put on the goads.

And yet the kindness to us shown,
By relatives and friends,
For sacrifices of our own,
Made adequate amends.

We found our dear relations well,
And some of them in tears,
Which from the recollection fell,
Of things in former years.

Oh! for a sweeter strain to touch
Those feelings of the soul,
Which through life's varied scenes, so much
The heart of man control.

In either case, though joy and grief
From diff'rent causes grow,
Our strong emotions find relief,
When tears begin to flow.

Of human nature 'tis a part,
Yet heaven ordain'd it so,
To vent the feelings of the heart,
In scenes of joy and woe.

No wonder then that some are moved,
With joy to mingle tears,
When meeting relatives beloved,
And absent twenty years;

Companions of our youthful days,
Through fancy's brightest dreams;
And partners in our childish plays,
Along our native streams.

With such as these in love we met,
And parted in good faith,
Whose friendship I shall not forget,
In absence or in death.

And for some friends, not relatives,
From our acquaintance past,
Within my heart a feeling lives,
Which seems destined to last.

Such large assemblies as I saw,
Of plain-dress'd people there,
From true affection seem'd to draw,
For them this simple prayer:

O! that your works may correspond,
With what appears so plain,
And your best treasure lie beyond,
What from the world we gain.

The doctrines for which we are bound,
Upon their sacred claims,
Are spreading still and gaining ground,
With those of other names.

Some principles which had so long
Distinguish'd us from them,
Are now acknowledged, and the wrong
More freely they condemn.

Then we should not be found behind,
In what our duty shows
Essential to redeem mankind,
Or lighten human woes.

We had, some days, with pleasure been
Near Mooresville, on White Lick,
And visited our friends and kin,
Near Springfield, on Mill creek.

And then departed for our home,
Of places still the best;
Though we saw many a farm and dome,
That pleased us in the west.

We came in three days and a part,
Prom Bridgeport to our farm,
Where now I feel a thankful heart,
That we escaped all harm.

We heard, at Richmond, all were well
At home, to us most dear,
Which in delightful accents fell
Upon the heart and ear.

But when to Eaton we had come,
The news no pleasure gave,
That Dr. Harvey, far from home,
Was in the silent grave;

My cousin, and my constant friend,
Through many trials past,
Whose funeral I could not attend,
Nor see of him the last.

For those who had been thus bereaved,
Of one to them so dear,
My sympathizing bosom heaved
A sigh they could not hear.

Their loss, in solitude, they mourn,
Upon the Kansas shore,
And if they to this land return,
They see his grave no more.

One consolation, still, we have:
He died in that true faith,
Which points to bliss beyond the grave,
And triumphs over death.

The neighb'ring missionaries came
Fraternal tears to shed,
And the poor Indians did the same
In sorrow for the dead.

At such a place how souls unite,
Though under different names;
And all, when they are aiming right,
To good have equal claims.

A solemn meeting first was held,
Where all could take a part,
And sympathetic drops distill'd,
From every feeling heart.

An Indian spoke in soothing strains,
Then silence fill'd the room,
And they convey'd their friend's remains
To the cold, silent tomb.

A corner of the orchard ground,
Is now his resting place;
Who felt himself in duty bound
To aid the Indian race.

And thus, far in the west, is made
A consecrated spot,
Where other friends may yet be laid
Who find an equal lot.

1846.

LEATHER AND SHOES.

It seems a poor subject, but my rustic muse
Has teased me to sing about "leather and shoes,"
'Till I have concluded it might be the best
To humor her, in such a simple request.

You know that the leather is, first, in "raw hides,"
And all the large skins are cut up into "sides,"
And yet every side has two sides of its own,
Unlike in their texture as cloth and whalebone;
The tanners have call'd them "the flesh and the grain,"
And of the distinction I shall not complain,
Yet there is a difference of more than one half,
Between the two sides of the skin of a calf;
And we will first tell how the tanners abuse
The skins that are made into leather and shoes.

The grain side, adapted to the growth of the hair,
Is porous and spungy and easy to tear;

The other, unlike it, is solid and tough,
And, work'd as it should be, would be good enough;
But ladies and dandies love thin shoes so well,
The leather must suit them in order to sell;
And dandies are numerous in this day of light,
As crows in a cornfield, and shine just as bright;
But, save the goat whiskers, that outshine the Jews,
The thing that shines brightest, is black on their shoes.

The tanners and curriers, to please a vain taste,
Must dress down their leather to a scandalous waste.
And whether it be a good, thick, or thin hide,
They make it still thinner, upon the wrong side;
The thicker is "kip," and the thinner is "calf,"
And both, by the dressing, have lost the best half;
But give it a polish and make it to shine,
And fools care for nothing but so it looks fine,
But though it be such as the dandy would choose,
I want no such leather put into my shoes.

The whole of the process 't is needless to state —
You know upper leather is not sold by weight,
But sole leather is, and is always left thick,
With all the bark on it that chances to stick,
And yet the time has been when two pairs of soles
Were gone, while the "uppers" were yet without holes.
And now we all see how the case is reversed:
The first soles are good when the vamp leathers burst;

But men of good judgment should ever refuse
Such thin, rotten shavings, in leather or shoes.

Next comes the shoemaker, who makes it still worse,
And of the thin leather increases the curse:
The "last" should be nearly as broad as the foot,
And the "instep" proportion'd, the "measure" to suit,
Yet one is not chosen sufficiently wide,
And thus the vamp leathers upon either side
Must spread, with the pressure, out over the soles,
And in a few days they are worn full of holes;
And yet our dear children cannot change their views,
Their feet may be broad, but they love narrow shoes.

A skin of great thickness cannot be best,
But one of good body and not overdress'd:
The thickest of calf skin, for men, may be right,
The thinnest, for women, is always too light,
Unless they should never set foot on the ground,
Except in warm weather, when dust may abound;
Or wear overshoes of such texture and weight,
No water or dampness can them penetrate;
Some die of consumption from corsets and screws,
Yet thousands more take it from wearing thin shoes.

I fault not the dresser, for making it nice,
But thin, flimsy leather is not worth the price,
To shoes with broad toes no objection I see,

But despise them so narrow, where they broadest should be,
And every shoemaker that follows the trade
To make wider "bottoms" should not be afraid;
Then let every person that has a sore toe,
Tell "where the shoe pinches," if he 's sense to know,
And all of the tanners and shoemakers use
The means and the measures to furnish good shoes.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OTHER DAYS.

INSCRIBED TO ANN HADLEY,* OF INDIANA.

DEAR COUSIN, it is in my thought
To write some simple lays,
Upon the scenes to memory brought,
Of long departed days.

Though circumstances fix'd our lot,
In places far apart,
That friendship cannot be forgot,
Which rises from the heart.

In early life it first begun,
Upon our native shore,
And, since through every change has run,
And but increased the more.

---

* Her maiden name was Harvey.

And seeing thee again, renew'd
The thought of happy scenes,
When we the pleasing sports pursued,
Of childhood and our teens.

It is, no doubt, remember'd well,
By thee, as yesterday,
How lightly, over hill and dell,
We rambled in our play.

Pick'd chinkopins, along the rills,
On Carolina's shore,
And huckle berries, on the hills
That we shall see no more.

This seems too childish;—let it go
For what it may be worth,
For quite as trifling, and more so,
Are half the things of earth.

I still in veneration hold,
The hills and mossy rocks,
And all the scenery where of old,
Our fathers fed their flocks.

But in our childhood, coming here,
Transferr'd my simple theme
To things and scenes in memory dear,
On our adopted stream.

Where we built houses in the sand,
Like thousands at this day,
Whose works in speculation plann'd,
Are shortly swept away.

And where we pluck'd the native flowers,
Which all around us grew,
Unthinking that in after hours,
Such changes we should view.

On leisure days, or when our task
Of easy work was done,
We ranged the forests, or would bask
In the bright, shining sun,

That sent down many a warming beam,
Through openings in the trees,
Along the margin of the stream,
That saw our days of ease.

In innocence and sweet content,
Our childhood pass'd away,
And youth had little to repent,
Of base or wanton play.

But O! what changes we have seen,
Around our happy home,
Where, through the fields and forests green,
So lightly we could roam.

Another race is on the ground,
Our worthy fathers clear'd,
And but few traces now are found,
Of all that first appear'd.

My father, and our uncle Hale,
Each tott'ring on his cane,
And destined, soon, from earth to fail,
Are all that now remain,

Of those who from an early choice,
Where Todd's Fork gently flows,
Soon made "the wilderness rejoice,
And blossom as the rose."

The rest have vanish'd from the land;
Their sons are growing grey,
A few days more on earth to stand,
Then sink beneath the clay.

The forms of things are so much changed,
With the surviving race,
That where in early life we ranged,
We hardly know the place.

The bottom 's covered with papaws;
The hills we rambled o'er;
Our ample fields of grapes and haws,
Are seen as such no more.

The old school house, where first we went,
Has sunk into decay;
And still I give my feelings vent,
Whene'er I pass that way.

The ground looks natural, and each scene,
I still in memory bear,
Yet few would know there e'er had been,
A quaker meeting there.

For sev'ral years, it was the place
Where all the Harveys went,
To hear and feel the prayer for grace,
Which to the throne was sent.

But such a house would now be thought
Almost too mean a place
For horses to a meeting brought,
In these progressive days.

These times of silk and fine broad cloth,
Of dandies and their mates,
And every thing that breeds the moth,
That eats up whole estates.

Though great improvements have been made,
Yet, much that I despise,
In costly show and vain parade,
Still comes before my eyes.

While rustic innocence and peace,
To other lands are fled;
And we, from trouble find release,
But with the silent dead.

I know good houses are good things,
And a well order'd farm,
Besides the stores of food it brings,
Has many a pleasing charm.

But rocks and hills, and ancient woods,
Are where the muses dwell;
And oft, in nature's solitudes
I bid the world farewell.

And though I still work on, and see
The corn around me grow,
The world has but few charms for me,
In all its fading show.

I still have seen the final end
Of most that we can do,
And things to make and things to mend,
Our labors still renew.

And yet, though long my lot has been,
To see much grief and care,
I still have pass'd each trying scene,
A stranger to despair.

Then let me seek to live content,
And peaceful let me die;
And who is there that need lament
For such a one as I?

Now, in conclusion, — for my friend,
And all that claim her care, —
That blessings, still, may them attend,
Remains to be my prayer.

1848.

A HINT FOR THE MILLERITES.

Though Miller still keeps up his folly,
And frightens some to melancholy,
With his terrific tales,
The sun and moon and planets still,
Their stated annual rounds fulfill,
And order still prevails.

Except among those foolish men,
Who listen to his tongue and pen,
Until they lose their wits;
Then mourning over wasted wealth,
The loss of comfort and of health,
Go into crazy fits.

It is a high and daring crime,
For mortal man to state the time
Of a divine decree,
When Christ's own words so plainly show,
That neither men nor angels know
When such a time shall be.

What God has thus from man conceal'd,
In his own time will be reveal'd,
As suits his wisdom best;
Without regard to Miller's rules,
Or the "ascension robes" of fools,
In Irish linen dress'd.

Then let each one his folly cease,
And humbly seek for that true peace,
Which heav'n alone bestows;
And where our duty may be plain,
Let all good works our aid obtain,
To lighten others' woes.

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS AUSTIN.

Here lies, below this grassy mound,
Cold in his native earth,

A man beloved by all around,
Who knew his honest worth.

Through many years of trial past,
He acted well his part,
And for his virtues may be class'd,
With "the upright in heart."

As parent, friend, and christian too,
His memory is bless'd,
And with a better world in view,
He calmly sunk to rest.

ON READING SOME EXTRACTS

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

Of all the men who still are prating
About "the Birney party hating
The whigs more than the locofocos,
While their influence all for Polk goes,"
No one appears in quite such high tune,
As the conductor of the Tribune.
He has of angry talk a tissue,
"That Polk's election was the issue
Of the misguided party action,
Of the vile abolition faction,

That anti-slavery strength was wasted,
And bitter fruit will yet be tasted."
But in despite of all this clatter,
The truth is quite another matter;
The character of the whig leader
Made many a stay-at-home seceder,
And his great speech in congress meeting,
And "Mendenhall petition" greeting,
Of which he boasted as the pure stuff,
Caused Polk to beat him sure enough.
The ball of freedom was in motion,
Unmoved by Clay or Polk devotion,
And of its course we kept the tenor,
With "truth and justice" for our banner,
And scorn'd to take upon our shoulders
"The best" or worst of two slaveholders,
And still are some respect commanding,
The great whig forgeries notwithstanding,
And with our lot shall be contented,
The Birney vote is not repented.

1844.

DESCRIPTION OF A METEOR.

In an unruffled summer sky,
Just as the twilight ended,
A fiery meteor flash'd on high,
And toward the earth descended.

A whizzing noise went with the blaze,
Or in an instant follow'd,
But just as we began to gaze,
It was in darkness swallow'd.

While its bright glare shed light around
It cleft the air asunder,
And was succeeded by a sound
Resembling heavy thunder.

'T was seen three hundred miles from here,
To the north east inclining,
And by some thousands, far and near,
With dazzling splendor shining.

It's light was brighter than the moon,
When shining in her glory,
But lost its brilliancy so soon,
It claims no longer story.

Such things should make no one afraid,
But raise our admiration
Of the eternal power display'd,
In wonders of creation.

MY OPINION OF AN ALBUM.

An album is a curious thing,
Fill'd up with rhymes and names
While some their tribute to it bring,
Some only state their claims.

The gay desire, the friendship dear,
Of those who look thereon,
While the afflicted claim a tear,
When they are dead and gone.

It should a book of record be
Of what is good and fair,
And naught bespeaking levity
Should be admitted there.

But words of soberness and truth
Should shine upon each page,
If they be written by the youth,
Or those advanced in age.

For time will be when all who write,
As well as those who read,
Must in one common lot unite,
Among the silent dead.

LINES, FOR R. G.

At the request of a young friend,
Upon an album's page,
These short and simple lines are penn'd,
By one advanced in age;

Not taken from a printed book,
But from experience drawn,
And may'st thou live on them to look,
When I am dead and gone.

My youthful days were free from care,
And full of sport and fun,
But time to me did soon declare,
That pleasure's race was run.

The cares of life came on with weight,
My dear companion died,
And I beheld the empty state
Of vanity and pride.

Although I have some comfort still,
The losses I have borne
Have sorely cross'd the human will,
And caused my heart to mourn.

And I exhort my youthful friends
To cherish in their hearts
That good on which their bliss depends,
When earthly joy departs.

THE GARDEN.

I LOVE a garden clear of weeds,
Where flow'rs their beauty show,
And plants from well-assorted seeds,
In rich luxuriance grow.

An emblem of the human mind,
When under proper care;
Where grace and science have combined,
The useful and the fair.

Where virtue's germs with vigor spring,
"And blossom as the rose,"
Producing fruit like each good thing,
That in the garden grows.

Not like the flow'rs, to blight and fade,
And lose their early bloom,
But in the richest charms array'd,
To live beyond the tomb.

ADVICE TO YOUNG PERSONS.

Avoid the snares that lead to crime,
And virtue still pursue,
And let the vanities of time
Be tarnish'd in your view.

Of decency, observe the rules,
And cleanliness applaud,
But pride, the common vice of fools,
With costliness, avoid.

With industry perform the part
In life to you assign'd,
In common cares, or works of art,
Or labors of the mind.

In hours of leisure read such works
As may instruction bring,
But shun the deadly bane that lurks
In every novel thing.

To the afflicted still be kind,
And pity the poor slave;
And may you the true riches find
Which last beyond the grave.

TO E. HADLEY.

While the votaries of fashion
Sporting on the stream of time,
With no other guide but passion,
Spend in vain, their youthful prime,

Thou, my friend, I hope, art choosing
Those true ornaments of youth,
Which are not destroy'd by using,
In the way of peace and truth;

Which, through scenes the most distressing,
In this life may cheer the soul,
And remain its greatest blessing,
While eternal ages roll.

1848.

RESIGNATION.

FOR L. HADLEY.

We have to bear much grief and care,
While in this world we stay,
And life may seem but as a dream,
That passes soon away.

Yet all is sent with good intent,
That Heaven for us ordains,
And if resign'd, we soon may find
An end of all our pains.

The pure and holy, meek and lowly,
Ever bless'd Son of God,
For us the way to endless day,
Through pain and sorrow trod.

Then we should seek to be as meek,
As all his saints have been,
And in the end, with him ascend
Above this troubled scene.

FOR R. HADLEY.

Though now we to the earth are bound,
We feel a power yet stronger,
Which draws us toward the solemn sound,
Of "Time shall be no longer."

Then we in our few days should try
To make such preparation,
As may secure for us on high
The joys of God's salvation.

If in this life our only hope
We from the world must borrow,
We for the soul can have no prop,
In times of pain and sorrow.

Lord! grant us then such strength divine,
That sin may foil us never,
And let the glory all be thine,
Henceforward and forever.

FOR REBECCA ANN MILLER,

ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER, ELEANOR ANN AUSTIN, AND HER HUSBAND, JOSEPH H. MILLER.

The trees are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers have lost their bloom,
And all appears to me in grief,
As lonely as the tomb.

Just when the glories of the year,
Began to pass away,
My mother and my husband dear
Were laid in silent clay.

It has the sorest trial proved,
That I have ever borne,

Since for these two most dearly loved,
I have been call'd to mourn.

And yet I sorrow not as one
Whose faith and hope are gone,
The brightness of their setting sun,
Presaged a glorious dawn

Of life immortal in that bliss,
Of which no tongue can tell,
In a far better world than this,
Where all the ransom'd dwell.

A mother worthy of my love,
My stay in tender years,
For mansions in the realms above,
Has left this vale of tears.

And my dear partner in his prime
Has yielded up his soul,
For joys beyond the things of time,
While years eternal roll.

Then may I be prepared to meet
Them on that happy shore,
Where kindred souls each other greet,
And parting is no more.

1846.

TO THE MEMORY OF ELEANOR A. AUSTIN,

CONSORT OF THE LATE THOMAS AUSTIN.

THOSE who as pious christians live,
Become prepared to die,
And an immortal crown receive,
Among the saints on high.

And she whose body now lies cold,
Beneath the turf she trod,
Lived in the faith that christians hold,
And died in peace with God.

As mother, sister, friend, and wife,
Her bright example shed
A luster that adorn'd her life,
And lives since she is dead.

1846.

A MEMENTO.

As spring and summer are withdrawn,
And autumn now is here,
When youth and middle age are gone,
Old age and death are near.

The frosts of autumn quickly blast
The things through summer green,
And gloomy winter comes at last,
And finishes the scene.

We are allow'd no time to spend,
In great or little sins;
For time is short, and at the end
Eternity begins.

FOR MARY ANN,

DAUGHTER OF THE AUTHOR, WHEN ABOUT TO LEAVE HER FATHER'S HOUSE, TO SETTLE WITH HER HUSBAND, IN INDIANA.

Farewell, dear daughter! it is true,
That we ere long must part,
And thou must bid the friends adieu,
Once dearest to thy heart.

And oft in retrospective thought,
Thy mind will hither stray,
And dwell on scenes to memory brought,
Long past and far away.

Yet hoping in the present case,
The change is for the best,
Thou wilt but move thy dwelling place
A little further west.

And other objects of thy care
May there thy mind employ,
And other friends with thee must share
In scenes of grief and joy.

Then may for thee a parent's prayer
Be blest with what I crave,
Content and peace through scenes of care,
And bliss beyond the grave.

1846.

TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES HARRIS, ESQ.,

OF CLINTON COUNTY, OHIO.

Another of the farmer pioneers,
Who clear'd the forests of the mighty west,
Is gone, in full maturity of years,
Forevermore, from all his works to rest.

He reach'd the term of "three score years and ten,"
An age that now can be by few attain'd,

And through that time, among his fellow men,
Due honor for his moral virtues gain'd.

Long tried in offices of public trust,
The principles that govern'd him were wise,
And his decisions all so fair and just,
No controversy out of them could rise.

As husband, father, and the poor man's friend,
The tears of sorrow to his memory shed
Attest much better than the notice penn'd,
The living virtues of the honor'd dead.

1847.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

WRITTEN DURING A SNOW STORM.

The year is drawing to a close,
A frowning sky is o'er us,
And winter, with his winds and snows,
In stormy rage before us.

How sadly chang'd is every thing,
That once could give us pleasure;
From the first charms of early spring,
To autumn's latest treasure.

No birds are singing on the trees;
The time of flowers is over;
And silent all the hum of bees,
Among the fragrant clover.

Instead of grain fields shining bright,
In golden waves before us,
A funeral shroud, of snowy white,
Enwraps all nature's glories.

And like the things through summer green,
And with the earth now blending,
Toward an eternal closing scene,
We all are swiftly tending.

Then may it be our lot, when time
Our life from earth shall sever,
To find a pure and happy clime,
Where beauty reigns forever.

1847.

THINGS THAT I FAULT AMONG ABOLITIONISTS.

We have no friends of slavery here,
Yet anti-slavery men

Are, in some instances, severe,
Both with the tongue and pen.

They deprecate all lawless force,
Yet in hard names indulge,
And think they only by this course,
Can the whole truth divulge.

"Friends, and religious bodies all,"
Are class'd with noxious trash,
On which they wish their bolts to fall,
And "tear it all to smash."

"A common brotherhood of thieves,
As base as prostitutes,
Or those who deal in men like beeves,
And treat them worse than brutes."

And while by evil names they call
Professors worse than knaves,
They seem to think the church's fall,
Would liberate the slaves.

And all must gape, while many a low
And self-conceited clown
The bolts of fools at random throw,
"To break the evil down."

I stand to all that I have said
Or written in times past,

And think that I, upon this head,
Need not with thieves be class'd.

Yet hundreds, better far than I,
According to their views,
Should under heavy pressure lie
From abolition screws.

Though all professors be not right,
Nor acting as they should,
Yet anti-christian slang, or spite,
Cannot accomplish good.

In vain our lecturers may seek
To make the churches wise,
If the admitted truths they speak
Are jumbled up with lies.

And some of them such stretches make,
As would induce belief
That they were wrong in what they spake,
Or every man a thief,

Who will not come into their views,
Up to the mark they chalk,
And justify their coarse abuse,
And worse than idle talk.

And yet the slave has honest friends
Among the moving throng,

Who only act for noble ends,
From motives pure and strong.

And may this cause of justice still
Have faithful advocates,
And all the wishes soon fulfill,
Of thousands in these states.

When slavery, with its countless train
Of human woes, shall cease,
And universal freedom reign
In triumph and in peace.

TO E. AND D. HOBBS, OF INDIANA.

At Deborah's request my pen I take,
A few remarks on several things to make;
My business now allows but little time,
For me to write a tedious string in rhyme,
And "short and sweet" is what I cannot do,
It always takes a while to bring me through.
In former days I entertain'd some hope,
That I might rival Alexander Pope,
Or Cowper, Dryden, Addison, or Young,
Or some of the best bards that ever sung;

But these vain notions, and my youthful pride,
Have in advancing years been laid aside;
I strive to imitate no poet's art,
But to express the feelings of my heart,
I fear no censure, no applause I ask,
While I endeavor to perform my task.
Your relatives, who in this country dwell,
Are now in health as far as I can tell,
And some of them I trust are doing all
For which their int'rest and their duty call.
We still have had enough to eat and wear,
But present prospects are not very fair;
The wheat is light, and backward is the corn,
But we have never been of hope forlorn,
And ought to feel more thankfulness of heart,
For all the blessings heaven and earth impart,
And our misfortunes should with patience bear,
Though some are struggling with a load of care.
From diff'rent causes many are involved,
But to be wiser have from hence resolved,
And I have hope that in each trying case,
We all may get along without disgrace,
And that our children may a lesson learn,
Which will in time to their advantage turn.
Our greatest money craving at this day
Is for enough our honest debts to pay,
And still some things elicit our regard,
Which may we trust yet bring a rich reward;

Not to ourselves in our remaining days,
But in the future good of all our race,
When slavery with its train of evils ends,
And human freedom o'er the world extends;
This subject now is the absorbing theme,
Awake we talk, and when asleep we dream;
Opinions vary but the end the same,
To free the country from a sin and shame.

The school at Harveysburg has been sustain'd,
And through the country has some credit gain'd;
'T is an advantage to our little town,
Though some are wishing that it might go down.
I feel a secret joy to hear the bell,
Which long I hope may of its being tell,
And still continue there to hang and ring,
When my poor feeble muse shall cease to sing;
'T is not because I love the bell to hear,
But that the subject to my heart is dear.
The opposition which it long withstood
Has mostly terminated for its good,
Yet some their children to it will not send,
Because its founder is the negro's friend;
A color'd school exists so near the white,
They have a notion all cannot be right:
"Some abolition bears a little sway,
And that won't do in this enlighten'd day,
For this to an equality would tend,
Which in disgrace to all the whites would end;

Black men, of course, would white companions choose,
And our fair daughters could not well refuse.
While thus they try our object to defeat,
They think the triumph of their wit complete,
But still I think some of their arguments
Have no foundation in good sober sense.
Some of our friends their patronage refused,
Because the house by lecturers was used,
From liberty which Dr. Harvey gave,
To plead the cause of the afflicted slave;
But now a meeting house is occupied,
And in this case we are no longer tried.
Most friends just here are friendly to the cause,
But will not break the yearly meeting's laws,
This brings me to a thing which I proposed
To write some thoughts upon before I closed;
Some think that we cannot befriend the slave,
Unless we spurn advice the meeting gave;
But such a thing, according to my mind,
Was never on the part of friends design'd,
That we should cease to act in every way,
The meeting's rules in order to obey,
But that we only cease to act with those
Who do not with our other doctrines close, —
That we may stand on our own christian ground,
Against the sins which in the world abound:
Intemp'rance, slavery, dueling, and war,
And all those things that anti-christian are,

To move with firm and cautious steps along,
Clear of excitement and the bustling throng;
While ev'ry proper measure we embrace,
To aid the cause of Afric's injured race,
And of no other testimony make,
A compromise for abolition's sake.
Can our united voice produce no good,
Unless we act with a mix'd multitude,
Embracing both professors and profane,
Whose lectures often are too light and vain.
We know that many pious christians stand,
Enlisted in this cause throughout the land,
And while we wish them well in what they do,
We are not bound their courses to pursue,
More than to worship with all other sects,
Who hold such views as ours, in some respects,
But still such diff'rent rules and creeds maintain,
A hope of harmony would be in vain,
And I am sorry that some valued friends
Have left the church for anti-slavery ends:
No good to them, I think, will from it flow,
Nor one day sooner end the bondman's woe;
They now may help to circulate some tracts,
And freely vote for anti-slavery acts,
But this can do no more in common sense
Than we may do with our own documents;
Such as have to the public been display'd,
Against home slavery and the foreign trade,

And we may all, when at the voting place
Act as one would in any other case.
The right of suffrage is to us as free
As it can to the separatists be;
Dear old Charles Osborn should our pity claim,
And none of them we should too rashly blame,
But lead them out of error if we can,
And all stand upright for the rights of man.
There are still some with us, and not a few,
Whose views are wrong of what we ought to do;
And to all such we should no favor show,
Beyond the bounds that truth and justice know;
For a pro-slavery quaker is a shame
To a profession of the christian name;
And from my heart I hope that there are none
Who go as far as others long have done;
But some have too much of that selfish pride,
Which has to color'd men some rights denied,
And of that policy which "wants no fuss,
We have no slaves and they don't trouble us;"
And some, no better yet, abruptly say,
"If they are freed they must be sent away;
Or black and white so mix'd in time will be,
That we can none but yellow faces see."
But now such sentiments are in bad grace,
And a progressive change is taking place.
And when we turn to the West Indian shores,
A stream of light upon our vision pours,

Which gives us courage onward to proceed,
Until we consummate the glorious deed.
And I have hoped that Friends would stand upright,
And in this cause of righteousness unite,
To follow in the path that Woolman trod,
And leave the consequences all to God.
Perhaps your patience by this time is tired,
But I have written what the muse inspired,
And to some other subjects now proceed —
If I have time to write, you have to read.
Our governor (from clemency I hope)
Has saved John Andrews * from the hangman's rope,
And he is to the penitentiary sent,
Where of his wicked deed he may repent,
Or be prevented from such murd'rous strife,
Confined, at labor, to the end of life.
The governor, I think, deserves some praise,
And has received it in the present case;
Yet some were mad, who strongly wish'd to see
A negro hang upon the gallows tree,
And being disappointed of their fun,
They cursed and swore because it was not done.
O! why should human hearts be so depraved,
That such a horrid sight by them was craved?
Although my limits I have gone beyond,

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* A black man condemned to be hung in this county, on the 16th of the present month, for murder.

To Deborah's request I must respond,
And a few words on the woolpicking say,
Made at her brother's house one rainy day.
Her friends and relatives collected there,
In social converse for a while to share,
The house of female visitants was full,
And while the talk went on they pick'd the wool,
And when the evening shades had nearly come,
The husbands came to take their spouses home.
To see so many of her friends and kin,
A source of pleasure to her must have been,
And now may be a cause of solemn thought,
When the reflection to her mind is brought,
That all whom then she saw and loved before,
In such a circle may convene no more,
That some of them, before a year goes by,
In death's embrace may cold and silent lie,
Or if the most of them again should meet,
It may not be in conversation sweet,
But when the solemn funeral they attend,
Of some dear relative or worthy friend;
But we should still be cheerful while we can,
For a mix'd cup must be the lot of man.
I miss my poor Elias from each place,
Where he had work'd with me in former days;
He has been gone from home almost a year,
But still his works upon the farm appear;
I work'd to day where he had placed manure,

A crop of watermelons to insure;
The corn is flourishing where it was spread,
But he is number'd with the silent dead.
The sad reflection often fills my heart,
O! why did the poor youth from home depart,
And leave the joys and comforts which it gave,
For an untimely death and distant grave!
The faithful dog, which travel'd by his side,
And still stuck with him till he stopp'd and died,
Is now at home, and a memento stands
Of his young master's fate in distant lands;
But grief is vain and all the tears that fall,
Can never from the grave the dead recall,
Yet active fancy often to our view,
Brings fresh the features of the friends we knew,
Which adds but to the grief we felt before,
For they are dead and gone forevermore.
I have of care and sorrow seen enough,
To show me that the path of life is rough,
And that the only way in safety trod,
Is that which leads the soul to peace with God,
And that this peace may be your happy lot,
In earthly treasure whether rich or not,
While health and comfort on your lives attend,
Is the desire of your well-wishing friend.

1843.

A RECAPITULATION

OF PAST MISFORTUNES AND PRESENT FAVORS.

Though the remembrance often wounds my heart,
Of a dear wife with whom I had to part,
And other losses of a trifling weight,
Had some effect to lesson my estate,
Yet ample cause of thankfulness remains,
For present favors which reward my pains.
Blest with a loving and belovéd wife,
To soothe my cares and share the toils of life,
With a sweet, smiling babe upon her knee,
And all the family from sickness free.
My life, which at this time three years ago,
Seem'd but a scene of wretchedness and woe
Now mostly in an even tenor goes,
And from the joys of home contentment flows.
But when I think how swiftly time doth fly,
I hear the sentence that I soon must die,
And all the pleasures of this world forego,
For an immortal state in bliss or woe.

Three years and near five months have pass'd away,
Since my dear Lydia was consign'd to clay;
And eighteen months have gone with rapid pace,
Since dear Mahala came to take her place,
Although two winters since have pass'd away,
It seems no longer than but yesterday;
And having learn'd from things already pass'd,
That earthly joys are not destined to last,
I entertain but little confidence

In human pleasures and the joys of sense;
For time in the same manner pass'd before
My first companion could be here no more;
And when my earthly bliss was thus destroy'd,
Within my heart it left a mighty void;
For want of more of that celestial grace,
Which from the earth a wounded heart could raise,
Until through mercy I became resign'd,
And from affliction some relief did find,
And the affection of a second wife,
Restored the blessing of a cheerful life,
For which I wish to feel a thankful heart,
Until by death we shall be doom'd to part.
It is our portion through life's mazy dance,
To live as well as we may have the chance,
If we do not abuse the blessings given,
From the rich bounty of a gracious Heaven.
And while we set a value, as we should,
On our possessions and all temp'ral good,
We should not let them have the foremost place
Within our hearts, instead of Heav'nly grace,
For every "perfect gift is from above,"
And claims for God the tribute of our love.
And if for trash we miss the good Supreme,
Our bliss at death will vanish like a dream,
And in a future state eternal pain,
Reward a life of pleasure spent in vain,
Which I would wish might never be the case,
With any being of the human race.

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